

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE FIRST CONCERT AT THE NEW QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, DUKE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

How persons who have made a great sensation in the world contrive to live in it after they are forgotten is always a subject of interest, and the more so since so very little is known of them. Richard Cromwell, shown over the throne-room as a country gentleman unacquainted with the metropolis, with his "The last time I was in this room I sat in that chair," pointing to the royal one, is an instance of it. Joanna Baillie is another. She was at one time the most sought-after personage in literary London, and was declared by Walter Scott to be the greatest of his contemporaries; then she went out as suddenly as an electric light; yet she survived her great reputation for many years—like the violet by a mossy stone, only not "half-hidden from the eye" but entirely so—and was never heard to express regret for her lost popularity. Another lady of a very different class has lately departed, whose notoriety was at one time as great as anybody's—Madeline Smith. I remember no subsequent trial for murder that caused so great a sensation: the position of her family and her own youth and good looks combined to enlist the public interest, but, above all, the extraordinary baseness of her victim. It was, no doubt, the conviction that it "served him right" which carried the prisoner, though by no means triumphantly, through her ordeal. The verdict, a Scotch one, was remarkable. There were three charges of administering arsenic. The jury found her "not guilty" of the first charge by a majority; the second "not proven" by a majority; and the third charge "not proven," also by a majority. She was thus legally, though far from morally, absolved. It was said that within a week of her leaving the dock she received many offers of marriage. It now appears that she did marry twice, but has left no children, which is a fortunate circumstance. She died in Melbourne, where no one seems to have discovered who she was. Since the above was written somebody tells me that this is all a mistake, since Madeline Smith is now living in London. This is absurd, for if she were it is positively certain that she would have been "interviewed."

Someone, I see, has written a book called "The Religion of a Literary Man," which I have not yet had the pleasure of reading; but in the meantime there has appeared a statement of the late Madame Blavatsky which will settle this question for most of us. "If I need a reference or information from some book," she says, "and have not got it by me, I fix my mind intently, and the astral counterpart of the book appears, and from it I take what I need." This is so exceedingly convenient that one can hardly imagine any person who follows the literary profession not becoming a believer in the Mahatma faith. I have recently been obliged to leave my home, and have taken a few books with me (for which the railway company charged me pretty stiffly for excess fare), for I unfortunately cannot afford to keep a library in duplicate. Now, for the "astral counterpart" of my books at home not even a railway company could have the face to charge me. I should carry my "weight of learning"—the "Encyclopædia Britannica" or "The National Biography," for example—"like a flower," though not, of course, in my button-hole. Moreover, I should never need to leave my bed on the cold winter nights, as the philosopher recommends, to verify quotations, as is now but too often the case. Madame Blavatsky, it is true, admits that there is a little difficulty in the matter if the mind is not free from distractions, and speaks of "a letter from X" as having made her get her quotations all wrong; but a letter from X—which is, I suppose, one from some unknown correspondent—is a thing I get every day, and does not distract me in the least.

The revival on the stage of "The School for Scandal" has caused the name of its author to be once more in the mouths of men. Perhaps the most curious account of him, and in some respects the most intimate, is to be found in a little volume privately printed by William Smyth, the tutor of his son. Moore, as Sheridan's biographer, was not a little indebted to it, but there are some things which, though perfectly true, he thought would exceed human belief. Never did impecuniosity and recklessness combine together to ruin a man as in Sheridan's case. "What can I do, or anyone else, for such a master?" complained his confidential servant, Edwards. "The other morning I went to settle his room after he had left it and gone out; and when I came to open the windows found them stuffed up with papers of different kinds, and among them bank-notes. There had been a high wind in the night. The windows had rattled, I suppose; he had come in quite intoxicated, emptied his pockets upon the dressing-table, and, being disturbed, and fumbling in the dark for something with which to stop the noise, the bank-notes had served his purpose; and as he never knows what he has in his pockets or what he has not, they had never afterwards been missed." Sheridan never seems to have redeemed a promise, nor kept an appointment, nor answered a letter (however much it might have been to his own advantage),

and while delighting the world at large with his wit and good manners, to have driven all connected with or dependent on him to distraction. "He seemed quite lawless and out of the pale of human sympathies and obligation." One day, when waiting for him in the library—and in vain, as was usually the case—the tutor meets another gentleman, also waiting, and has the imprudence to remark, "I think I had the pleasure of seeing you here yesterday." "Yesterday! and, you might say, the day before, and any day for these last six weeks. If I have walked one yard I have walked fifty miles on this damned carpet!" Yet the tutor (always unpaid), when he did meet his employer, could never resist his fascinations, but was, he confesses, as wax in his hands. "I wrote you an angry letter, Mr. Sheridan, and I am sorry for it," he said on one of these occasions; "I was very much tried, as I told you in it, but be so good as to think no more about it." "I shall never think of what you said in it, be assured, my dear Smyth, and here it is." I was glad to get hold of it, but looking at it before throwing it into the fire, I saw, alas! that it had never been opened. Though always in want of money, and owing it to everybody who would trust him, Sheridan seems never to have travelled with less than four horses to his chaise.

It is curious how proud some people are of their names, though they may never have been associated with anything worth speaking about. If it is a double name—names with a hyphen between them—their admiration for it is twice as great. On the other hand, there are people with a still higher opinion of themselves, "too proud to care from whence they came." They remind one of the unsuperstitious persons who are not solicitous about the lucky seat at whist, and "don't care where they sit so long as it is not in a draught." One of these has just changed his name of Lovat to Marwood: they are neither very respectable, but the former is at least historic. Still, this person had his reason for the alteration for the worse. He was a publican, and the license of the house he was about to enter was made out in the name of Marwood. Therefore he assumed his predecessor's name and (the King's) arms. There is a reasonableness about the whole matter that is seldom seen in transactions of the like kind, and which commends itself to the social philosopher.

Very few people know what the Dussara means. It is said to commemorate the residence of the god Vishnu upon earth, which he takes up for six days only (curiously excluding Sunday) in the person of the Maharajah of Mysore. This is not such a high time for the Maharajah as one would imagine, since he is not allowed to speak, or shave, or eat anything but plantains and rice during the period of his divinity. Let us hope that high thinking accompanies this low living. A correspondent of the *Globe* went to see him the other day when thus deified, and seems to think that, on the whole, he did not like it. It is, indeed, an extreme case of having greatness thrust upon one. The coming down to be a mere Maharajah again must be a terrible drop—worse than Cincinnatus going back to his plough, or a Lord Mayor to his commercial business. One ventures to wonder, too, how Vishnu likes it. But none of these considerations seem to occur to the inhabitants of Mysore.

People in the country who are not inured to it find the winter a little heavy on their hands. When they do not shoot, and possess a pistol, they have been even known to shoot themselves with it. But it all depends on what part of the country they have chosen for their residence. If their minds are so undisciplined as to require dissipation, let them go to the Shetland Isles. A friend sends me a newspaper from that locality which depicts its winter gaieties. "The season," says the local correspondent, "is now at hand for marriages, concerts, penny readings, night-school lectures, and other means of amusement and instruction." One would almost think from the statement that the Shetlanders *s'amusement* by getting married that they are polygamists. I have a friend who visits Ultima Thule every year, as he tells me, for the scenery. It may be so, but as I pique myself on my acquaintances being respectable, I should like to have this matter cleared up.

"An Unlucky Dog" writes to me upon the wrongs of his race as regards locomotion. He seems happily ignorant of the foolish agitation on foot for the reinstitution of the dog as a draught animal. If he had been old enough to remember, as I do, the rough seated in his dog-cart, with one or more distressed animals, with their tongues out, dragging him along the highway, he would indeed have cause for apprehension. Neither does he appear to be aware of how his kindred used to be torn from their master and put under the seat of a railway-carriage, boxed up with dogs of the lowest description, and without light or air. Like many of the human race, he complains of the accommodation which a few years ago he would have been glad to have accepted. "It is terrible," he says, "to be snatched from my belongings, and shut up in a van with a guard who may not be fond of dogs. If my master buys a ticket for me, I am surely a passenger and entitled to a

seat." He encloses an extract from a Belgian paper which describes how a beautiful and delicate retriever was cast out neck and crop from a railway carriage to accommodate one of the "brutal and licentious military." His master appealed to a court of law, which has decided that "where there is room for ten passengers and there are five men and five dogs, that compartment is to be considered full." This, he contends, is in accordance with justice, and proves that *les braves Belges* are in the very forefront of civilisation. Still, would my own Rip, a very retiring fox-terrier, or, still less, my maiden aunt's Italian greyhound, like to sit in a row with four bulldogs? One has heard of an absent-minded passenger swallowing his railway ticket, but supposing the passenger himself should be swallowed?

It is not only history which is being corrected every day by new discoveries, but—what is of more consequence to most of us—even our good stories. The tales told in the dining-room in the hard drinking days are proved (as, indeed, seems only fitting) not to hold water. Science, which does not disdain to break butterflies upon wheels, shows that the facts on which the fiction rests are groundless, and, "with one waft of her wing," sweeps away what has contributed to the gaiety of generations. It has always been considered, for example, a pretty retort to the drunkard who boasted that for an entire year he had confined himself to a milk diet, that that must have been his first year, but it now turns out that he might have passed even that in a state of intoxication. A German physiologist has discovered that the milk of mothers who have indulged in stimulants contains a proportion of alcohol. The gentleman, therefore, who prided himself upon being a total abstainer during the period in question was, in reality, luxuriating in milk punch.

It is spoken of as a novel occurrence that a man has been suffocated through putting a billiard-ball in his mouth, but as a matter of fact it has occurred half-a-dozen times. It is the only way some people have of acquiring notoriety, and for that purpose they will open their mouths to any extent. What they are apt to forget is that it is more difficult to get a billiard-ball out of the mouth than to put it in. There was at one time an individual who earned a small livelihood by this not very entertaining performance. He had an advantage over his rivals that was not generally known: his teeth were false, and he privately took them out before he took out the billiard-ball. The feat in question does not seem attractive, but the class of persons who can take an interest in seeing the spot-stroke repeated five hundred times or so are easily pleased.

In the current *Review of Reviews* there is an interesting article by Mr. Walter Wren upon education. He is hard upon our social ignoramuses—which should, perhaps, be ignorami, for I am one of them myself and I glory in my shame; for, after all, what advantage is it to acquire scraps of information on all kinds of matters none of which are the least likely to be useful to one? If we want to know a subject we can give our attention to it, and probably become its master in a shorter time than those whose mental pigeon-holes are already choked with useless knowledge. They can only hold a certain quantity, and it is most important that what one needs should be retained and the rest rejected. What is the use of my learning how blacking is made, or with infinite difficulty making sure of the right order of the Popes of Rome or the Kings of Judah? Mr. Wren was once in a room where nobody but himself knew where Droitwich was. Of course there is a certain satisfaction in knowing what few other people know, which is the cause of the airs which people who understand Plato and think they understand Kant give themselves; but is it well that this personal vanity should be encouraged? To confess the honest truth, I don't know where Droitwich is myself; but then, I don't care; if I did, I should look it out in the map of England, or more probably in that of Bradshaw. My pigeon-hole is limited, and if I placed that town in it—though, no doubt, a highly respectable one—it would, perhaps, prevent my remembering some excellent story. Mr. Wren also met two most distinguished Oxford scholars, who did not know the meaning of the Highland word *tinchel* used in "Waverley." He ought to have been surprised and pleased at their knowing "Waverley." I knew a "most distinguished Oxford scholar," who during a general conversation about the English Opium-Eater inquired of me, with sublime indifference, "Who is this Mr. De Quincey they are all talking about?" Ignorance should have its limits; but information has none at all: the most learned of men has told us that the more we learn the more we feel how little we know—which is surely not an encouragement to reading at large for those who desire to retain their self-respect. For my part, I ascribe what little success I have had in the world to what is commercially termed a "strict attention to business," a careful study of such things as concern my calling, and also to a prudent abstinence from that miscellaneous information which may be described as "other people's business."



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I am beginning to feel a sorrowful sympathy with Mr. Keir Hardie. He reminds me of a conscientious bowler who always bowls "a wide," but sticks to his task with dogged persistence. He is eager to discuss the problem of the unemployed in the House, and as her Majesty's Commons are now in the throes of the Local Government Bill, Mr. Keir Hardie saw nothing for it but to move the adjournment. Unfortunately for this public spirit, only thirty-six members responded to his call, and when he exercised his right to challenge a division on the question whether leave to move the adjournment should be granted, he found himself in a hopeless minority. Far less zealous advocates of the people's need are much more successful Parliamentarians than the member for South West Ham. I cannot explain this mystery except by the suggestion that Mr. Keir Hardie does not devote enough of his valuable time to the study of Parliamentary practices. He has said severe things of her Majesty's Commons on platforms. It may be true that the traditions of the House pay more regard to what and when a member shall eat and where-withal he shall be clothed; but as Mr. Hardie has nevertheless condescended to join this assembly and to try and turn its thoughts from things futile to things essential, it might be wiser on his part to make himself expert in its procedure. There are Parliamentary hands, young and old, who regard Mr. Hardie's manoeuvres with pain. They may or may not care a great deal about the unemployed, but it hurts them to the soul to see any game spoiled by unskilful playing. I thought I detected tears in Mr. James Lowther's eyes when only thirty-six gentlemen stood up to support Mr. Hardie's motion. It must have been heartrending to the statesman from the Isle of Thanet to see such an opportunity so completely ruined. Mr. Lowther has been giving very different lessons. There came a moment between eleven and twelve o'clock one night when it became clear that Mr. Fowler had an excellent chance of passing a whole clause of the Local Government Bill at a single sitting. It was high time for Mr. Lowther to intervene, and he did this so effectually by one or two of those marvellous speeches which extort the admiration of the bitterest foe for their transcendent irrelevance to anything under the sun, that the peril was averted, and at midnight Clause Three was still on the paper.

Perhaps Mr. Hardie despises these arts; but if you set out to be a manager of men, especially of party men, you must make some concessions to human nature. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Fowler. He listens to Mr. Lowther with the gravest attention. He follows with a respectful eye the intellectual gymnastics of Mr. Gibson Bowles. He is not offended when Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton protests against something which has no imaginable connection with the matter in hand. Rarely does a smile flit across Mr. Fowler's Cromwellian features; when it does it has the speed of an affrighted trespasser. Mr. Fowler restrained his mirth even when Mr. Stanley Leighton stood on tip-toe and shook his hat at him. It is, I believe, unknown what purpose Mr. Leighton had in his mind; nothing in this incident seemed to have any practical bearing except the imminent destruction of the hat. Mr. Leighton ended his tirade with a scream, but even that failed to enlighten the House as to the special iniquity which had excited his wrath. Possibly it was the indifference of the Treasury bench to the prospect that parochial meetings in village school-rooms would damage the furniture and otherwise interfere with the course of education. Mr. Storey was more sensitive than the Ministry to this peril. He spoke as one who had witnessed terrible things at meetings. The Serjeant-at-Arms says Mr. Storey's manner suggested to him a rugged Macbeth from Sunderland who might be expected at any moment to say in a horrified whisper, "Is this a broken chair I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee!" Mr. Storey warned the Opposition that if the parish could not discuss its affairs in the school-room, it would in many cases be compelled to build a new hall at the expense of the rates. Mr. Chamberlain reinforced this plea, and expressed a yearning to see every local authority imitate the impartiality of the Birmingham School Board, which lends its buildings for meetings, social, political, and religious. But the Conservatives at last induced the Government to admit that there ought to be some guarantee against damage; and the Bill was amended so as to enable the school authorities in the village to recover the value of the stricken chairs which Mr. Storey appeared to have in his prophetic eye. But to the argument that perpetual meetings would eventually wear out the school-room altogether there was no reply.

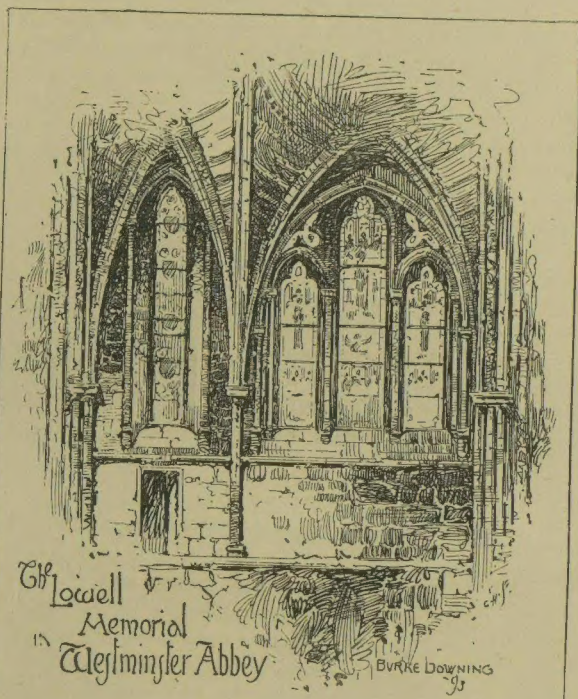
The third reading of the Employers' Liability Bill did not provide the interest that was reasonably expected. Mr. Chamberlain came down and fulminated for an hour and a quarter. It was a very adroit speech, and even the allusion to "my Radical days," as if they were the period of an inconsiderate political youth, must have been carefully calculated. Mr. Chamberlain's criticism of the Bill was thorough and severe, especially in regard to the refusal of the Government to permit "contracting out." Mr. Asquith's answer was somewhat subdued, but a lucid and forcible defence. The spectators of the duel were a little disappointed, for a good bout of "slogging" between these two Parliamentary gladiators had been anticipated for some time with keen relish. Mr. Darling, of Deptford, considers it his mission to chasten the Home Secretary, and he seized an opportunity afforded by Mr. Asquith's refusal to permit an Anarchist meeting in Trafalgar Square. How did the Home Secretary reconcile this with his former refusal to hold a censorship over public gatherings on that classic spot? The question was somewhat awkward. Mr. Asquith did permit one Anarchist meeting in the Square, and now he had vetoed another. He explained that the convener of the second meeting was connected with a journal which had recommended the wholesale massacre of inoffensive citizens. As something of that kind might be predicated without injustice of

any Anarchist who asked permission to air his eloquence at the base of the Nelson Column, the Home Secretary has not entirely disguised what most people will regard as a change of front. Apparently, there is a limit to the "safety-valve" theory of public meetings, and Mr. Asquith thinks it imprudent to encourage any further demonstration of sympathy with the Barcelona murderers.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LOWELL MEMORIAL.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Balfour, the stained-glass window in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, associated with the memory of James Russell Lowell, was unveiled by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the presence of distinguished representatives of statesmanship and literature, both English and American. The window commemorates very happily the intimacy of Lowell's ancestry, character, and gifts with the spot with which this memorial links his fame. The figure of St. Botolph in the window recalls, moreover, the fact that this patron saint of Boston in Massachusetts, Lowell's native city, also keeps a tutelary eye on the Lincolnshire Boston, from which the "hub of the universe" takes its name. Mr. Leslie Stephen delivered an admirable address, which was a complete justification, if any were needed, of Lowell's claim to mingle with the memories of the Abbey. He had, indeed, "no small share of the spirit of the great masters of English literature," and he was, perhaps, the most conspicuous champion in his time of the dignity of letters. Everything in his life and character bore emphatic witness to his scrupulous care for the best literary traditions, and for the simplicity which is the chief grace of



the true lover of books. He was no dryasdust, as Mr. Leslie Stephen reminded the auditory at the Chapter House, for he was saved from that danger by his gift of humour. How much he owed to that gift in his diplomatic relations perhaps this generation will never know. To be the representative in England of a nation of humorists who are often beset by the fantasy that England is trying to make a fool of America, demanded an exceptional sense of humorous perspective.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London's latest home of music, received its baptism of smoke on Monday evening, Nov. 27, and at the same time had an informal royal inauguration. The occasion was the first smoking concert of the twenty-second season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. Appropriately enough, the strains of the National Anthem commenced the proceedings on the punctual entrance of the royal party. The Prince of Wales, who seemed delighted with both the hall and the programme of music which was performed, was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Fife, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir George Lewis, and others. Special interest attached to the orchestral part of an excellent programme, conducted by Mr. George Mount, from the fact that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was at the leader's desk, as he so often has been when Duke of Edinburgh. M. Tivadar Nachez was loudly applauded for his violin solos, as was also Mr. Ffrangcon Davies for his singing. During the interval most of the celebrities present inscribed their names in an autograph-book, which ought to be historically interesting. The many excellencies and general beauty of the hall, which does the greatest credit to the artistic taste of Mr. T. E. Knightley, the architect, and every one concerned in its decoration, received general approval from the distinguished audience. It covers an area of 21,000 square feet, and has no less than seventeen entrances. Seating accommodation for 3000 persons is provided, while 400 can occupy the orchestra. From each position in the hall a clear view of the platform can be secured. The corridors, vestibules, and lobbies are so capacious as to be able to hold, if necessary, the entire audience. There is a smaller room, which will seat 500, on the second floor, which will be convenient for chamber concerts or private dances. The grand organ was built by Messrs. Hill and Son, the wind being supplied by separate blowing feeders, driven by a gas engine. The organist is so placed as to permit of his

obtaining a complete view of the conductor. Lighted throughout by electric light and gas, and fitted with every modern appliance which can add to comfort, the Queen's Hall is entering on what is certain to prove a useful and successful career in a metropolis not over-supplied with fine concert-halls.

## THE RIFF TRIBES AT MELILLA.

The garrison of the Spanish fortress of Melilla, on the northern seacoast of Morocco, has almost continually, for some weeks past, been annoyed and beleaguered, on the land side, by the assembled warriors of a confederacy of the Riff mountaineers. They come down every night to defy and shoot at the soldiers on guard at the gates, or those who may be landing from the transport vessels in the port. An army of 16,000 men, commanded by Marshal Martinez Campos, is now being sent from Spain for their subjugation, as the Sultan of Morocco is unable to keep them quiet. His brother, Mulai Araaf, has had an interview with General Macias, the Spanish commander at Melilla. The Riff tribes are not Moors or Arabs, but are a Berber race, nearly akin to the Kabyles of Algeria; they have always been highland brigands, except when they practised piracy at sea. Melilla is situated on the Mediterranean coast, 150 miles east of Ceuta, under Cape Tres Forcas, called also Ras ed Deir. It has belonged to Spain ever since its conquest in 1496, and has of late been used as a convict penal station. The fortifications are quite strong enough to repel any attack of the Riffs or the Moors. Marshal Martinez Campos has landed and taken the command at Melilla.

## THE KENNELS AT SANDRINGHAM.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday, Nov. 25, rejoined the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud at their country-house in Norfolk. We have often described Sandringham, the mansion and the park, with those proper adjuncts of a great gentleman's rural seat, the stables and the kennels, in which last are kept fine specimens of some canine breeds, valued by wise connoisseurs, and beloved by their master and mistress, while doubtless fully sensible of their dignity as members of dog-nobility and as favourites of royalty. The Princess of Wales likes often to accompany her husband in a morning visit to the admirably arranged kennels, and to carry a dish or basket filled with neatly cut pieces of bread, which are distributed by this illustrious lady's own hand. Those animals ought, indeed, to be as proud as the one immortalised by an English poet, Alexander Pope, in the couplet that he wrote, at the request of a Princess, to be inscribed on the silver collar of her own four-footed friend—

I am her Highness's dog, at Kew;  
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL AT HORSHAM.

It has for some time been generally known that the great and justly famous public school in the City of London, popularly called "the Blue-coat School" from the picturesque youthful garb of King Edward VI.'s time worn by its scholars, is to be removed, gradually, to the pleasant and salubrious neighbourhood of Horsham, in Sussex. This was alluded to by the writer of some historical notes, accompanying our illustrations of the existing buildings and courts in Newgate Street, which appeared several weeks ago. Many interesting antiquarian and biographical associations will be disturbed when those buildings, erected on the site of the ancient Grey Friars' monastery, shall be demolished; but the architects' plans for those at Horsham are not yet selected, and now await the result of a professional competition. The Governors have purchased an estate of about a thousand acres, at Stammerham, a mile and a half from the town of Horsham, forty miles south of London, and nearly twenty from Guildford and from Brighton, with convenient railway access. This land was held by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, who have erected houses and ranges of substantial buildings, capable of being readily adapted to the accommodation of some parts of the school establishment. It would be difficult to find a more suitable and agreeable place for the new Christ's Hospital School anywhere in the Home Counties. The estate comprises beautiful meadows and woodlands, a good piece of water, and a high hill from which the sea can be seen through Shoreham Gap. Horsham is a thriving and attractive country town, with a very fine old Gothic church, and there are delightful walks into the wild scenery of St. Leonard's Forest.

## THE WRECKS IN THE LATE STORM.

An account of the great storm which reached its height on Saturday, Nov. 18, and by which several vessels were wrecked in St. Ives Bay, on the north coast of Cornwall, has already been given. Three of those incidents are illustrated by the aid of a local photographer. These are the wrecks of the Cintra, a steel screw steamer of 483 tons gross register, owned by Messrs. J. H. Welsford and Co., Liverpool, bound from Newport to Dartmouth with coal; the Vulture, a steam-ship of 517 tons, owned by Captain E. Jenkins, bound from Cardiff to Dartmouth with coal; and the Bessie, a steam-ship of 287 tons, owned by Mr. J. Richards, bound from Cardiff to Portland with coal. The vessels were lying about a mile out from Carbis Bay, at no great distance from one another. The crews of the Vulture and the Bessie were got safely ashore by the "breeches buoy," on a rope thrown out with the rocket apparatus worked by the coastguard, under command of Mr. Leigh, chief officer; but seven men of the Cintra, including the mate and the chief engineer, were drowned, some by the upsetting of a boat. The steamer Rosedale, of London, went ashore on Porthminster Beach; all the crew were saved. On the North Kent coast, at Herne Bay, there was the wreck of the Tell, and at Dungeness, that of the Norwegian steamer Johanne Marie, on board which ten men hung fifty hours in the rigging before they could be rescued. Twenty-one lives were lost on board the London steam-ship Hampshire, on the Cornish coast.



## A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: SKETCHES BY G. MONTBARD.

As the empire of Morocco has its Mediterranean coast to the north and its Atlantic coast to the west, Cape Spartel, with the lighthouse familiar to all who enter the Straits of Gibraltar, being the turning-point of its geographical outline, and being situated at no great distance from the

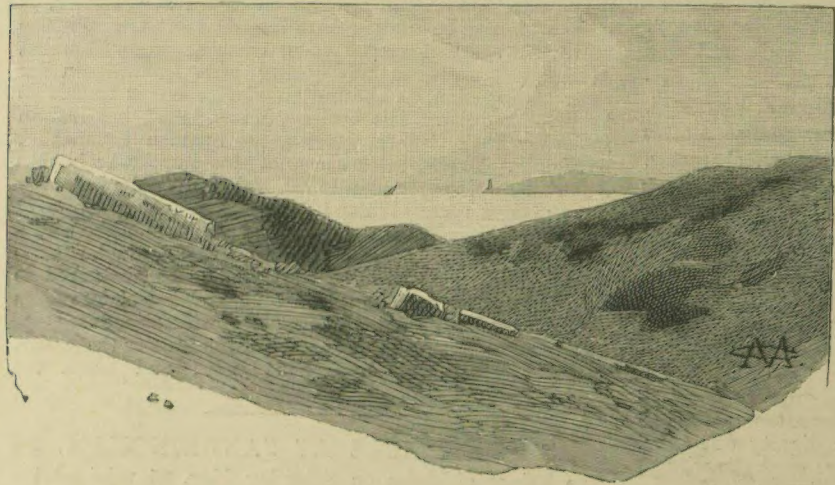
and danger, compared to which that of the settlement of Egypt is almost easy. The Sultan of Morocco is not likely to be able, indeed, to borrow fifty millions sterling from foreign bondholders, nor is there a great highway of commercial navigation, like the Suez Canal, to be constructed through his dominions. But military and naval interests, especially for those holding Gibraltar, make it highly important to prevent Morocco falling into the hands of one of the Great Powers of Europe. It cannot be denied, in the meantime, that the condition of Morocco is an enormous scandal to civilisation and humanity, within a few hours' voyage of Christendom. The romantic notions of ancient Moorish refinement and intellectual culture which may be cherished among the ruins of the Alhambra in Spain are soon removed by visiting that country from which the conquering warriors of Islam invaded Southern Europe. Unquestionably there were, among those who followed in their train,

learned Arabian students of Greek science and literature, to whose labours, in the Middle Ages, the world owed much valuable knowledge. But warlike conquest, accompanied with barren fanaticism, in Morocco, as in Turkey, was incapable of raising the nations whom it subdued to a higher standard of social life, and the Berbers, still forming the bulk of the population, are in a far worse condition than under the Roman empire, since they are the prey of lawless oppression. It may be long before any remedy can be applied to this state of affairs. Spain and



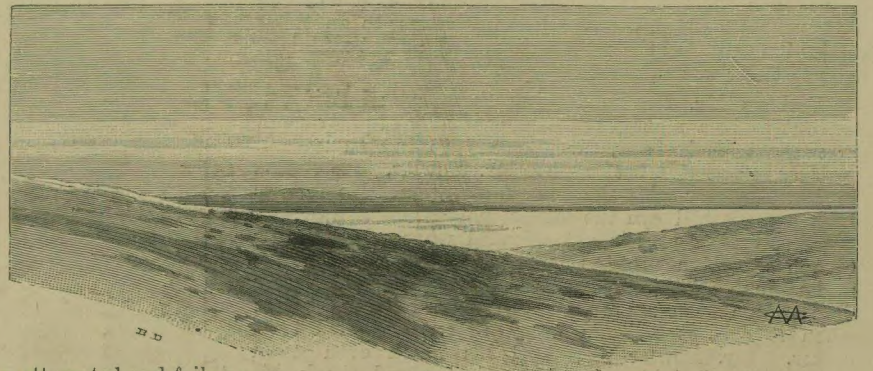
AN OLD NEGRO SERVANT.

never yet attained to stable political power. The population of Morocco has, therefore, long been accustomed to a condition of things bordering upon anarchy by the absence of an established succession. The lack of an administrative



CAPE SPARTEL: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH.

port of Tangier, we give two seashore views with our farewell notice of Morocco upon this occasion. But the series of M. Montbard's sketches has been mainly occupied with illustrations of the Moorish cities and towns of the interior—Mequinez, Fez, Wazan, and Alcazar, from the last of which comes his drawing of a jeweller's shop. Many recent English, French, German, and Italian travellers have told us a great deal about the misrule of Morocco, and the apparent hopelessness of its diverse races and classes of inhabitants obtaining peace and just government under the Sultan's rule. One of the most popular English novelists of the day, who has faithfully studied the state of that unhappy country, but whose compassion is chiefly for the persecuted Jews, has cried out for European intervention. But no statesman, in the present condition of foreign politics, will lightly encounter a problem of such difficulty



VIEW ON THE ATLANTIC SHORE.

Portugal have attempted and failed in the task, and it would be rash for either France or Great Britain to undertake it while international jealousy continues to prevent any combined effort in such a direction.

In the opinion of a French writer, M. de la Martinière, whose book on Morocco, which country he visited in 1884, has been translated by Lieutenant-Colonel Trotter, there is no ground for believing that the Sultan's Empire is on the eve of total ruin and dismemberment. This author remarks, indeed, that "the semi-disorder characterising its Government, and which is only curbed and kept within bounds by the diplomacy of the Powers, has always found favour in the Arab mind. The history of this incurably nomadic race is sufficient evidence of that fact; and, though certain geographical considerations only have brought about a semblance of organisation, it has

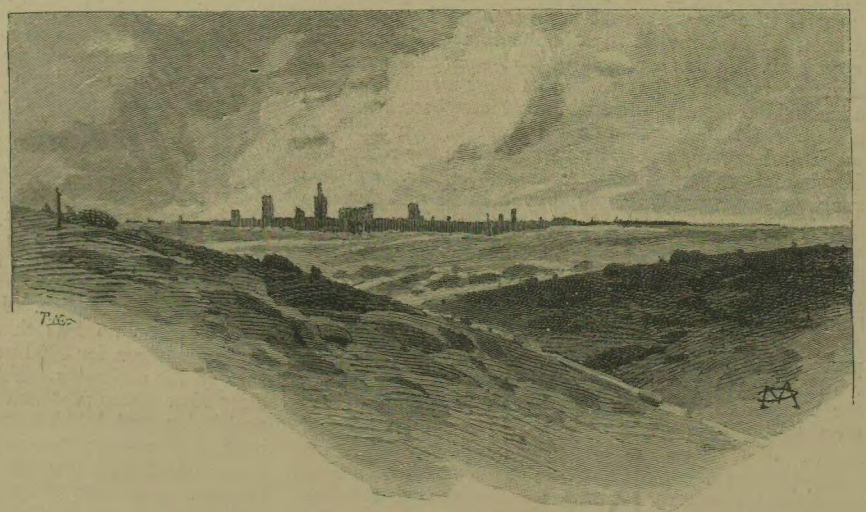


A SULTAN'S SOLDIER.

sovereign pontiff, regarded as a direct descendant of Mohammed, a unique personality, just at this time, when it gives proof of retaining some hold on the people."

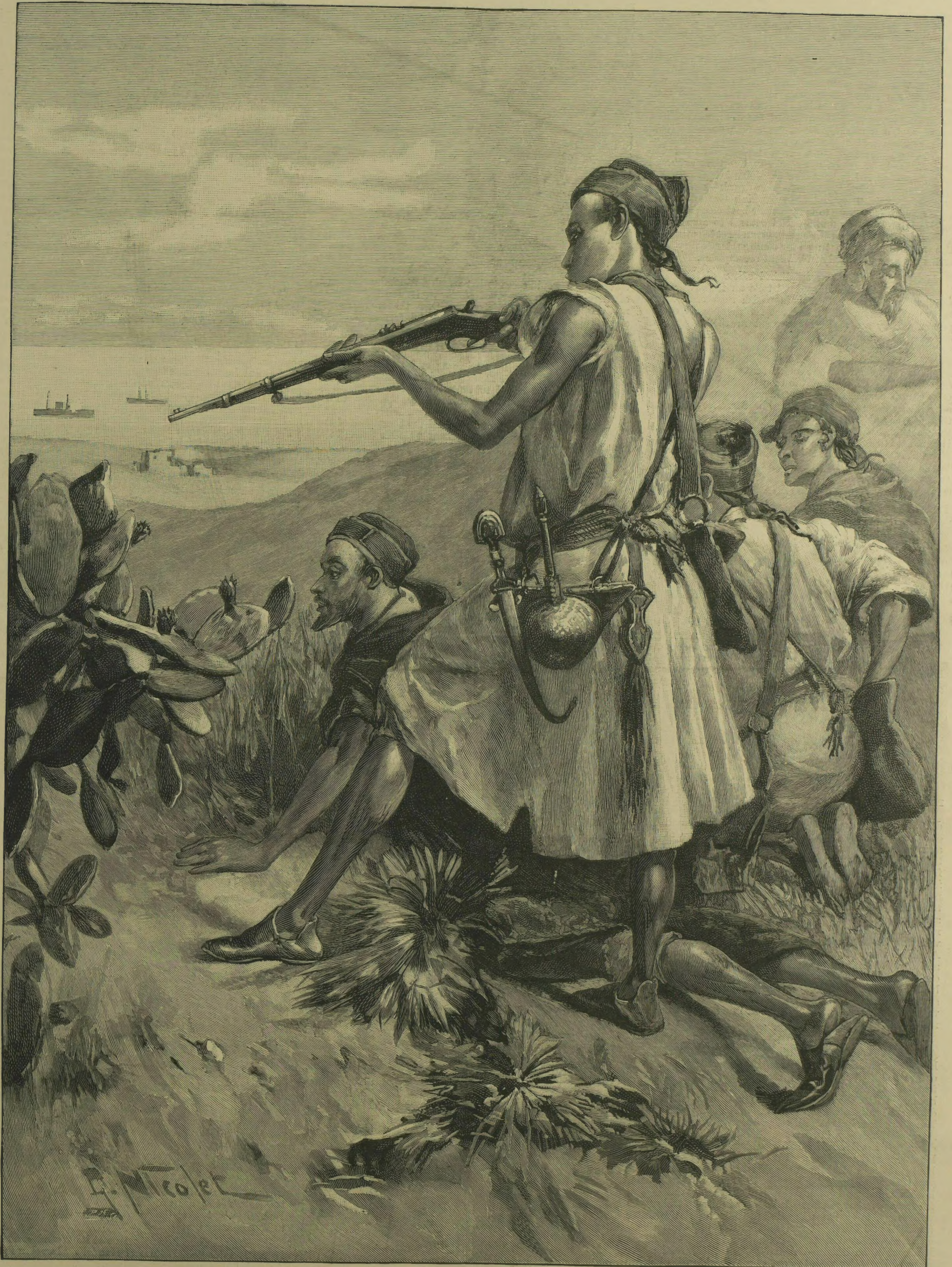


JEWELLERS' STREET, ALCAZAR.



DISTANT VIEW OF FEZ.





RIFF TRIBESMEN HARASSING THE SPANISH TROOPS AT MELILLA.



## PERSONAL.

A good deal has been written about the alleged misconduct of one life-boat crew in the recent storms, but very little about the heroism which, as usual, goes without reward and almost without recognition. In one instance a life-boat was capsized and her crew drowned save one. The boat was washed ashore, but, undeterred by the calamity, there were plenty of volunteers to launch her again, and save the shipwrecked sailors. In another case the life-boat failed to make headway against wind and sea, and had to be anchored not far from the ship. Perceiving the situation, the men on shore dragged an ordinary boat to a point from which they could take advantage of the wind, put out in a terrific surf, and actually saved every man on the wreck. Such courage and resource on our coasts in time of tempest are constant and even proverbial; yet the public mind is chiefly exercised by the supposed delinquency of a life-boat crew at Mablethorpe. It has even been asserted that the men were drunk—a cruel and baseless charge. They had been working three days and nights, and their failure to launch their boat on a particular service is ascribed by an impartial witness to an error of judgment on the part of the coxswain, and not to cowardice. The character of life-boat men for courage stands very high, and it has an exceedingly indifferent recompense.

Mr. Sidney Lee, the accomplished editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," tells an improving tale about the penalties of research in parish registers. Those archives are supposed to be kept for the benefit of the public. They are really maintained in the interests of ecclesiastical custodians. Applications for permission to inspect them were ignored in many cases; in others, a keen anxiety was displayed to make a little money out of scholarly curiosity. Some incumbents were content to charge 3s. 6d., the price of the copy of a birth certificate. One curate demanded £3 19s. 6d., and was with difficulty satisfied by the payment of 21s. 6d. Mr. Lee has something to say about the proposal to hand over the care of the parish registers to the Parish Councils; but while there is much to be said for the expediency of leaving them alone, it is surely evident that public inspection should not be treated either as impertinent curiosity or as an opportunity for extortion.

The prospects of the new Austrian Ministry, formed by Prince Alfred Windischgrätz, with Count Kalnoky as

Foreign Affairs Minister, and others who belonged to the late Cabinet under the direction of Count Taaffe, appear to be improving. It represents a coalition of steadfast and moderate politicians of the three most influential parties, loyally disposed to assist the Emperor Francis Joseph in his

PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ, THE NEW AUSTRIAN PREMIER.

difficult position between the Clericalists and the champions of Bohemian, Galician, Moravian, Croatian, and other provincial claims of Home Rule. One of the strongest arguments that are felt as objections to further legislative subdivision of the Austrian monarchy is the necessity of preserving an equipoise to the power of the kingdom of Hungary, which has, with the same personage, his Imperial and Royal Majesty, sovereign of both the two States, an entirely separate Government, conducted by its own Ministry, and will now have its own royal Court. Hungarian and Austrian views of policy do not often precisely coincide; and Dr. Wekerle, the Premier of the kingdom whose capital is at Buda-Pesth, has his ideas of what is required by the interests of that country, different from those of the statesmen ruling at Vienna. In times of peace, however, when domestic legislation is the most important, there need not be any conflict between them.

Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose late visit to the King and Queen of Italy has excited considerable comment in Continental diplomatic circles, has been styled the Viennese Bismarck. Descended from one of the most ancient families of Bohemia, he was born in Lettowitz sixty-one years ago, and entered the diplomatic service when he was only eighteen years of age. Ten years later he was made Councillor of Legation at the Austrian Embassy in London, and thoroughly mastered during his sojourn in this country both the English language and literature. In 1874 he was promoted to being Austrian Minister at the Court of Denmark, and six years later was made Ambassador to St. Petersburg, where, however, his well-known German sympathies made him far from popular. After a brief stay in St. Petersburg he was recalled to Vienna and made Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was soon seen that he was a very different man from his predecessor, Count Haymerle. A firm believer in an Austro-German-Italian Alliance, he ever directed his policy with the end of making his wish become fact. Count Kalnoky is in high favour at both the German and Italian Courts, and among his many orders he attaches most value to the Star of the Black Eagle, conferred on him by the late Emperor William, and that of the Annunziata, given to him shortly after by the King of Italy. Count Kalnoky owes not a little of his power and long popularity, both at home and abroad, to his charming personality. His tall slim figure bears few signs of age, and he is one of the best horsemen in the country.

The Isle of Man has not a Lord Lieutenant, like Ireland—though why Ireland has one is a question that no

modern practical statesman will pretend to answer—but it has a Lieutenant-Governor; which office, recently vacated by Mr. Spencer Walpole's appointment to the Secretaryship of the General Post Office, is now conferred on Colonel Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, K.C.B. and K.C.S.I. Her Majesty's

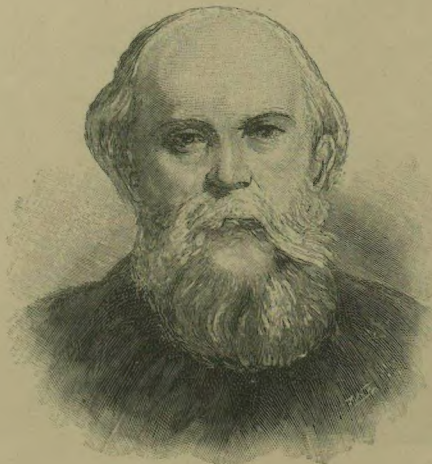
Government would seem to have such a superabundance of distinguished men of proved ability in its military, diplomatic, colonial, and administrative services that it can readily spare this active and highly successful former political agent in India, who also helped to settle the Afghan boundary with the Russian Empire, and who has been Under-Secretary of State for Ireland and special Envoy to Morocco, setting him now to transact business with the House of Keys and the Deemsters, in a homely Barataria with a population equal to that of an ordinary parish in town. Whatever he has to do is likely, however, to be done as well as it ought to be, seeing how fairly he earned the thanks of the Viceroy of India and the confidence of the Foreign Office by his past performances. He entered the Army in 1861 and served through the Afghan War.

Mr. W. S. Caine, teetotaler and anti-opium advocate, has come out in a new character. He proposes to teach aesthetics in the rural districts by the rather drastic method of prohibiting open-air advertisements. The House of Commons will be invited next session to consider Mr. Caine's proposal that the exhibition of any advertising sign in the midst of rural scenery shall be visited with a penalty of five pounds. It does not seem to have struck Mr. Caine that many advertisers will be prepared to regard this in the light of a tax, and will pay it cheerfully. As there appears to be no provision for cumulative penalties Mr. Caine's Bill would have comparatively little effect. But it is unlikely that the House of Commons will consent to this policy of aesthetic education by coercion. Mr. Caine forgets that a good many people are unable to see that an advertisement of soap and pills mars the beauty of a landscape. A much more reasonable suggestion is made by the projectors of the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty," who propose to assume the guardianship of monuments and scenery when these are transferred to them by gift or purchase.

Most people will agree with the Prince of Wales's sensible plea for the home production of what he termed "the ornamental portion of the printing trade, the highly skilled decorative part—such, for instance, as coloured illustrations and Christmas cards." Nothing in the flood of Christmas literature is so unsatisfactory as the constant appearance on the coloured pictures, which are the joy of many a home, of the words, "Printed in Germany," or "Printed in Holland," notwithstanding the fact, as the Prince remarked, that the designing is frequently done in this country. With all the more pleasure, therefore, we have inspected a large number of Christmas cards, which take the fashionable and convenient form of private greetings, of which the designs and workmanship have been carried out by Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, of Oxford Street, on their London premises. These cards seem to have become the popular method of conveying Christmas wishes, owing to the saving of time effected by a printed message and the avoidance of all the difficulties of separate choice for each friend. They allow, too, an individuality in the form of greeting which, amid so much conventionalism, is specially welcome.

London has had a strange visitant in M. Paul Verlaine, who lectured at Barnard's Inn on contemporary French poetry. M. Verlaine is

one of the most remarkable figures in a remarkable school. He has lived his poems, and very singular and not altogether lovely experiences they are. A good many years of his life were spent in an obscurity of which his friends speak with bated breath, as if Tannhäuser's sojourn at



M. VERLAINE.

Venusberg were monastic by comparison. The next thing heard of Verlaine was that he had retired to a religious retreat from which he issued a little volume called "Sagesse," full of the most delicate spiritual feeling. There are other volumes of a different character,

for Verlaine's repentance appears to have been fitful. The quality of his verse has a striking fascination of melody, and his personality, his very physiognomy, have a weird effect not unlike that of a picture by Wiertz.

The Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Vaszary, is one of the most powerful ecclesiastical personalities on the Continent. He is the first Hungarian Benedictine to whom was ever given high Church preferment. Monsignor Vaszary is a powerful-looking man of some sixty years of age. He was for many years Professor of History at the Raab College, and in 1869 he was given the Mastership of the school, and thus for six years he had confided to his care the sons of the leading Hungarian notabilities. No distinctions were made by him as to creed; Catholics, Protestants, and Jews were equally welcome, and the Abbé Vaszary, as he then was, was considered to be somewhat too liberal in his opinions. After fifteen years spent at the Raab College, the future Primate was made Superior of the Pannonhalla Monastery, Martinsberg, the Mother House of the Hungarian Benedictines. After the death of Cardinal Simor, Archbishop of Esztergom-Gran, the Austrian Government decided to appoint the Benedictine Superior to take his place, the more so that Monsignor Vaszary had always been a *persona grata* at the Vatican; but in him the Austrian Ministry have already found a formidable opponent in the struggle which is beginning between Church and State, and he has become as Conservative as he was once Liberal.

"For them genteels, who ride on wheels," as Thackeray wrote in his mock-Irish Ode on the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, "the Palace made of windows," long ago removed from Hyde Park to Sydenham Hill, presents a National Cycle Show, opening on Friday, Dec. 1, and closing on Dec. 9. This exhibition will doubtless be as popular, among the tens of thousands of amateurs of mechanical locomotion, as those which have been held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. It is yet too early for us to describe the variety of ingenious and beautifully constructed machines, improved by many eminent inventors and manufacturers, that invite public inspection, and the judges must decide on their respective merits. But the Metropolitan Machinists Company, of 75, Bishopsgate Street Without, with their "Juno Cycles," including a roadster only 24lb. in weight and a racer only 20lb., also a military vehicle, useful to the soldier or to the sportsman, and a convenient folding tricycle, will maintain their reputation.

Mr. Henry West, Q.C., who has died at the age of seventy, was the veteran Recorder of Manchester and

Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster. He had held the latter office since 1861 and the former since 1865, and he was also Recorder of Scarborough for several years. Mr. West had enjoyed a varied experience of public life, for he sat in the House of Commons for Ipswich as a Liberal from 1868 to 1874,

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.  
THE LATE MR. HENRY WEST, Q.C.

and from 1883 to 1886. His career was not distinguished by any special publicity, but he was greatly esteemed in Lancashire, where he was a Justice of the Peace, and his long association with Manchester had made him very popular in that city.

Professor Max Müller has given us an interesting glimpse of the consolations of an Oriental potentate who is despoiled by a stronger power. Some people may have wondered how the King of Siam spent his time when his Ministers were harassed by the growing demands of the French representatives. The natural assumption is that he retired to the apartments of the royal ladies, and gave himself up to grief. But the King of Siam has a soul above that humiliation. "In the midst of his own political troubles," writes Professor Max Müller, "he commanded his Prime Minister to come to his assistance, and to offer in the name of the King a sufficient sum for the continuance of the translations of the sacred books of the East." For it seems that this work of scholarship was threatened with collapse for lack of funds. The scholars had already been assisted by the bounty of the Maharajah of Vizianagram, who, however, is free from political distractions, and can devote himself to the encouragement of literature and of marksmanship at Bisley, where his liberality figures among the annual prizes for our Volunteers. But that picture of the King of Siam, threatened with the loss of his dominions, bullied out of his life by French diplomatists whose politeness seems to be strictly limited to Europe, yet ministering with serene philosophy to the needs of the translators who are unfolding to us the true wisdom of Buddhism (not Madame Blavatsky's)—that picture ought to be a stirring theme for the poet.

The Royal Choral Society gave at its second concert, on Nov. 24, a fine performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt." As usual, the popular "Hailstone" was encored, and a similar compliment was bestowed in the case of "The Lord is a man of war," which, according to Albert Hall custom, was sung by the whole of the tenors and basses of the choir. Of the soloists, Mr. Edward Lloyd easily carried off the palm. Miss Clara Butt's vocal method in the contralto solos was not satisfactory, but Miss Anna Williams and Miss Margaret Hoare sang their duet capitally, and Sir Joseph Barnby conducted with his habitual skill.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, is accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Earl of Elgin, on his appointment to be Viceroy of India, visited her Majesty on Sunday, Nov. 26, with Lady Elgin.

The Prince of Wales came to London, from Sandringham, on Monday, Nov. 27. In the evening he went, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Duke of Connaught, to the concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at Queen's Hall.

The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of Freemasons in England, took part in the ceremony of the consecration of the new Chancery Bar Lodge, on Tuesday, Nov. 28, in the library of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. He afterwards dined with the Master, Mr. W. B. Colman, and the brethren of the Lodge, in the hall at Lincoln's Inn.

Princess Christian, accompanied by Princess Aribert of Anhalt, on Nov. 28 opened the new library buildings of St. Mary, Newington, in Walworth Road. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the entrance by the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Palmer, the Library Commissioners, and others.

Lord Salisbury went to South Wales on Monday, Nov. 27, to attend a meeting next day at Cardiff of the Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations; he was the guest of Lord Tredegar. Lord Windsor presided at the meeting.

The Duke of Argyll, on Nov. 27, received a deputation of the men in the employ of the London and North-Western Railway, the Armstrong Engineering and Shipbuilding Company at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the South Metropolitan Gas Company, protesting against certain clauses of the Employers' Liability Bill which deprive them of the provision for insurance in case of accidents made by contract with their employers. This deputation, which also waited on Lord Salisbury, represents 84,000 men.

The collieries strike is not yet terminated in Scotland; the advance of one shilling a day has been conceded to 8000 or 9000 men out of 40,000, but was refused, on Nov. 27, by a meeting of coal-owners at Glasgow.

Some alarm was caused at Dublin by finding, on Nov. 26, at the Aldborough barracks, a tin box containing dynamite, with an extinguished fuse, and by the arrest of a man who had in his possession a quantity of detonators charged with fulminate. The murder of a man found shot dead in a lane at Dublin is also thought to be connected with a dynamite plot.

The anniversary of the execution of three Fenian conspirators, in 1867, for the murder of Police-Sergeant Brett at Manchester, was celebrated by processions and meetings in several towns of Ireland.

The London collection this year for the Hospitals Sunday Fund has amounted to £39,290, which is less than that of last year.

There is a Ministerial crisis in France, and likewise in Italy, in Servia, and in other Continental States with Parliamentary Governments. In France, M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, has resigned on account of his refusal to accept the policy dictated to him by M. Carnot, the President of the Republic, and to expel the three Radical members of his Cabinet: M. Peytral, M. Viette, and M. Terrier. M. Casimir-Périer, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Raynal have been asked by President Carnot to form a Cabinet, but their consent is still doubtful.

The Italian Ministry of Signor Giolitti has resigned in consequence of the report of a Parliamentary Committee of investigation concerning alleged corrupt dealings with the Roman Bank.

The King of Italy has invited Signor Zanardelli, with the aid of Signor Sonnino and others, to undertake the composition of a new Ministry. There has been some talk of Signor Crispi returning to power.

The Servian Cabinet has tendered its resignation, ostensibly on account of the tariff conflict with Austria-Hungary.

A conspiracy to kill the German Imperial Chancellor, Count von Caprivi, by dynamite with an igniting apparatus in a little box sent to him from Orleans, with a letter offering the contents as a gift of peculiar radish-seeds, has excited some indignation at Berlin. Great statesmen do not usually open for themselves any parcels sent them by post; and the aide-de-camp who took charge of this package, suspecting mischief, was careful to prevent an explosion. It is said that the German Emperor received a similar compliment from the dastardly assassins, who will be sought for by the French police.

In the German Reichstag the debate on the new commercial treaties was continued, and it was contended that they would be injurious to the agricultural interest.

The body of the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, some time ruler of Bulgaria, has been removed to that country and deposited in an ancient church at Sofia, with an imposing ceremony attended by Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the present ruler, and by Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is appointed General of the regiment called by the name of Prince Alexander.

The Greek Prime Minister, M. Tricoupi, on Nov. 25, announced in the Chamber that Greece was no longer in a position to fulfil her foreign engagements, and was anxious to come to an honourable compromise with her creditors,

offering them such terms as the state of the country would permit.

In America the United States Congress is engaged in an intricate and obstinate struggle on the commercial tariff legislation. The official accounts of the Chicago Great Exhibition show a surplus of 1,862,000 dollars after paying all expenses. The sales made by exhibitors amount to ten million dollars, of which the Italians took one-fourth; the Germans a million and a half; France, England, and Austria, each about one million dollars.

The Brazilian conflict between the forts and ships in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, the factions of Admiral de Mello and Marshal Peixoto, is still going on. Ships have been equipped at Philadelphia and New York for the use of the Brazilian President.

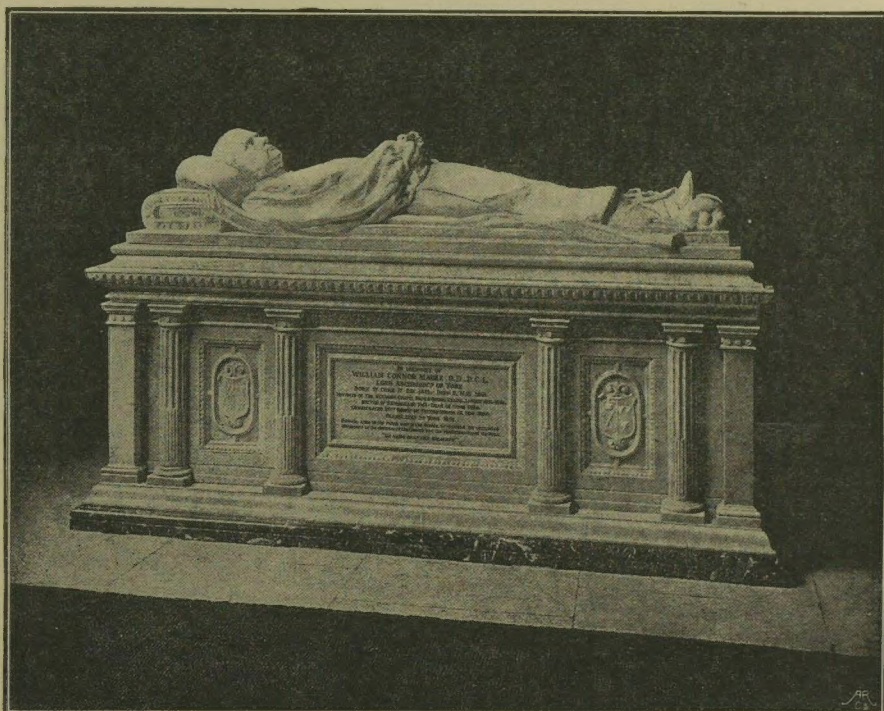
The Matabili War in South Africa seems to be approaching a speedy conclusion. Lo Bengula, with only a hundred followers, is retreating towards the Zambesi, pursued by Major Forbes, eighty miles from Bulawayo.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly has passed by fifty-nine votes against twenty-three, the Bank Notes Bill introduced by Sir George Dibbs.

The general election in New Zealand, which took place on Nov. 28, is remarkable for the voting of a good number of qualified women electors, who obtained the suffrage by the Act passed last Session. The election seems favourable to the present Ministry; at Wellington, Sir Robert Stout heads the poll.

The Viceroy of India, now in Burmah, on Nov. 26 left Mandalay for Bhamo. Major Patton Bethune has had an interview with him about the affairs of the Ruby Mines Company.

The 16th Lancers and a battery of Horse Artillery have left Lucknow to march to Azimghur and back through the districts which were the scene of the religious riots last summer. The fact that this display of force is thought



CENOTAPH OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP MAGEE IN PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

necessary shows that the Government is not satisfied with the temper of the people.

The Indian Opium Commission of Inquiry, now sitting at Calcutta, has received medical evidence—that of Dr. Harvey, Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals in Bengal; Dr. Crombie, Dr. Russell, and several other English physicians; Dr. Kailas Chunder Bose, and other native medical men; and Miss Hamilton, a qualified lady doctor, all testifying that the moderate use of opium, in a proper form, is decidedly beneficial to health and longevity and good against many diseases in India. It is practised by nearly twenty per cent. of the population of Calcutta.

A complete nest of Anarchist conspirators has been discovered in the city of Barcelona. The police having ascertained that an Anarchist club was established in a house in the Ronda San Pablo, entered the building. Besides chemicals, directions for filling bombs, and a quantity of percussion caps and pistols, pamphlets and documents were found showing that the club was the headquarters of a revolutionary movement, with ramifications throughout Spain and abroad. Miguel Nacher, the president of the Spanish Anarchists, has been arrested.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Nov. 27, held with the view of initiating a movement for Government to aid in the equipment of an Antarctic expedition, Dr. John Murray, of the Challenger Expedition, read an interesting paper. The Duke of Argyll and Lord Charles Beresford took part in the discussion.

## MEMORIAL OF ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

The late Most Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Archbishop of York, was from 1868 to 1891 Bishop of Peterborough; and it has therefore been deemed fit to place a cenotaph in the Cathedral of Peterborough as a memorial of that eloquent and distinguished prelate. This monument, which was recently unveiled, has been provided by a local committee of subscribers under the presidency of Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of the county. It is the work of Mr. Forsyth, sculptor, of London, and shows the recumbent figure of Bishop Magee, in his robes, upon a table decorated in the Renaissance style, all of Sicilian marble. The site on which it stands is near the south-eastern angle of the tower.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is coming to the front very rapidly, and I am glad of it, for he is a healthy, cheery, manly boy. He writes cleanly and with heart; he is so full of life, so enamoured of the mere joy of living, that he is a little too boisterous at times. His animal spirits carry him away, and he is apt to kick over the traces. But that is a fault easily to be forgiven in this bored and *blasé* and jaundiced age, when, for the most part, our young authors write like miserable, little, wizened old men and pose as Tottenham Court Road Voltaires! These sickly, and I regret to say to me personally sickening, little old young gentlemen will probably fall foul of manly, boyish, natural young Seymour Hicks because he has written a pretty little play called "Good-Bye," which does not disdain sentiment. The work is a little crude in composition and somewhat straggling in design, but the boy who could write that scene between the two brothers has his heart in the right place, and he is not ashamed to "speak with his enemies in the gate." They will squirt at poor young Seymour Hicks their acrid and acid and venomous juices, they will babble to him about "sentiment" and "convention" and the "drama of the day before yesterday," and they will beg him to poison his heroine and asphyxiate his lover, and urge him to put a pistol in the hands of his husband-hero and bespatter the drawing-room carpet with his brains; but, good, honest, boyish Mr. Seymour Hicks, do not listen to the voice of these charmers, charm they never so wisely. You are on the right tack, Mr. Seymour Hicks—believe me, you are on the right tack. The women are with you, and the women are the real influence of the playhouse. The people are with you, and the people will never desert you if you delight them. Go on, young author, buoyed up by youth and the best of youth's assistants—faith. Write your honest, touching little plays. Believe in soldiers, believe in loyalty to women. Take up your Browning and read—

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world  
with,

One to show a woman when he loves her!

Enjoy life, clever young author, while it lasts for you. Dance your breakdowns, imitate your companions, frolic and be funny. You will write a far better play than "Good-Bye" by and by. But don't be disheartened by these dreadful little old mannikins who would poison your enthusiasm and reverence. You are doing well, and you will do better. Meanwhile, in the words of the old, dreadfully conventional theatrical cry, "Brayvo, Hicks!"

And what a clever little bundle of fun is Miss Lottie Venne, as you will all confess once more when you go down to the Court Theatre to see the new triple bill! I should be inclined to call her "The Second Mrs. Bancroft," a compliment not lightly offered when this clever but unserious little lady is lifted into the atmosphere of one of the greatest artists of our times. Miss Lottie Venne could never be a Pierre Gringoire such as Mrs. Bancroft was, or a Pippo, or a Polly Eccles, or a Naomi Tighe, or a Mrs. Haggarth ("The Vicarage"), because, unlike Mrs. Bancroft, she never dreams of a serious moment. As I said before, she is a bundle of fun. No one, I presume, has ever seen Miss Lottie Venne cry on

the stage. She only makes her audience "cry with laughing." But she is an artist for all that. Who but an artist could turn herself into Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Julia Neilson in the space of a few minutes, not only suggesting them but becoming them for the moment? It is a dangerous art, because it must make enemies. But how supremely clever it is! Midway between the fresh and buoyant youth of a Seymour Hicks and the artistic experience of a Lottie Venne, we have the biting, tearing cynicism of a Brookfield. Mr. Brookfield, as a cynic, is the kind of calm and grinning Mephisto who stands between the optimists and the pessimists—and mocks. He despises them both. He has no faith. He grins and mocks. "A plague o' both your houses!" says Mr. Brookfield, "my mission is to mock you both." And so it comes about that the very cleverest scenes in "Under the Clock" are those in which Mr. Brookfield, by his pen and with his mouth, mocks and gibes at the author of "The Tempter" and at Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The best parody in the play is that on the famous soliloquy of the Devil sitting astride a gargoyles of Canterbury Cathedral. This is by far the best literary moment the little play possesses, and when Mr. Brookfield gets hold of his old manager he gives a bite, but leaves the mark of his fangs. It is all clever, this so-called "revue"; very clever, but disjointed and formless. The imitations are all in their way excellent; one of the best is the Wilson Barrett of Seymour Hicks, but I somehow doubt if the general public know so much about plays and players, their eccentricities and mannerisms, as the authors seem to take for granted. My own experience is that outside the charmed theatrical circles the public knows very little and cares very little about the "puppets" of the playhouse. Open your ears at an ordinary dinner party and you will hear the most extraordinary statements put forward on the subject of the actors and actresses of the day. A review, to be attractive, should contain subjects distinct from the playhouse. Politics, books, science, music, and painting should have a place as well as the drama. However, the triple bill has in it elements of decided popularity. I can only wish that Mr. Jack Robertson will soon be provided with an operetta worthy of his great ability, and be attached to companions who know as much about the art of singing as he does.





THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM: VISITING THEIR DOGS' KITCHEN.





# YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

By WALTER RAYMOND

## CHAPTER VIII.

NOT YET.

How sweet it was in Middeney of a summer evening when work was done, and love went wandering "arm-and-crook" between the pollard willows, or leaned against a five-barred gate to whisper the old story, punctuated with kisses—all colons, no commas, and never a full stop! Little maids came out a-skipping on the dusty roads, and the boys practised on Jew's-harps sitting on the step of the battered old village cross.

Then old Sam Grinter used to carry his cup and long clay pipe into the porch, and rest contented in the cool, smoking until twilight. And Mrs. Grinter would bring her knitting and a low rush-bottomed chair, so as not to sit upon the stone; and, lo! how her tongue would go a-wagging to be sure.

Middeney people were delighted when it became clearly ascertained that young Sam did walk Sabina. They unanimously predicted a wedding, and weddings were popular, as indeed they deserved to be, in a place where the number is restricted to some half-a-dozen in a century.

Mrs. Grinter early began to form expectations as to what Christopher would do.

"He'll have to marry widow Sharman when Sabina do go—

"An' nothing but right, for Sophia must have money, too—

"But there, he'll never in this world let Sabina go—

"He'll let the young folk manage the dairy, and gie his whole mind to dealing.

"He ought to do well for Sabina, an' she his only chile.

"But there, Christopher Chiselett 'll never part wi' money in this life. He idden that sort o' man."

And her chin grew thinner and sharper as her brain became the battle-field of these conflicting opinions.

Swallows darted to and fro; bats came fluttering almost to the porch; and old Sam Grinter puffed his pipe, taking no more notice of his wife's chattering than of the sparrows twittering in the ivy. Then she used to walk to the barton-gate and scan the moor, holding a hand over her eyes, not as a shade but for minute and distant observation. She rarely saw young Sam and Sabina. Along the raised tow-path sometimes passed a horse straining against his chains and ridden by a naked-footed boy, but the barge was hidden below the river-bank.

Not far from the Ham Mead, beside a willow-skirted drove, stood an old disused cottage, with the ruins of an enclosure where once had been a garden. By whom built, when, and for what purpose were all forgotten. The weather-beaten walls were crumbling, the foolish windows vacant, and moss and grass grew upon the remaining thatch. Of the roof stood little but the slanting rafters, picked bare by wind and rain and left to decay like ribs of death upon the desert. Two steps of stone projected before the doorway, and within still remained the blackened hearth, a tottering staircase, and an upper floor; but all the doors had been removed.

Here young Sam and Sabina used to sit side by side upon the threshold, qualifying for the porch. They came at evening when Sabina brought back the cows, and stayed until dark; and the girl's head leaning against the doorpost, as it sometime did in the intervals devoted to general conversation, came exactly to the water-mark of the last winter flood.

"How anybody could ever a-lived here, I can't think," said she.

"The land must a-sunk, I reckon. An' yet they do go in boats down Langport Street a'most every flood," explained Sam.

Certainly the courtship had not been long, yet it did not progress at a pace proportionate to Sam's impatience. Sabina had so many moods, and he but one. He made love with so much seriousness that Sabina laughed, and Sam did not like

it. He could not see anything to laugh at; and sometimes his heart was clouded by a dark misgiving that such frivolity was a danger to the domesticity for which he craved. His idea of happiness was to sit very close to Sabina while she reclined her head away from the doorpost; and should she find the position a little cramped, Sam, feeling the want of occupation, was sometimes driven to devise other means of entertainment.

"Would 'ee think I could take up thik stone,



She turned over the packet of notes quickly. There was the little cross.



Sabina, in both han's, an' heave 'um over the wall wi'out touching?"

He pointed at a rock of monumental proportions partly embedded in the soil of the old garden; and Sabina thought not.

But Sam clenched his teeth, and held his breath; then slowly raising the stone, carefully swaying it backwards and forwards, he heaved it over the wall.

It was a triumph of manly strength, calculated to win the heart of an impressionable girl, and Sabina's heart was touched.

"Why, Sam, how strong you be!" she cried, in admiration. Pleased by her praise, he brought larger stones and heaved until there was quite a cairn on the other side of the wall.

Then they sat down again upon the doorstep, and Sam kissed Sabina, and she felt that any maid who married such a man might have just reason to be proud.

He knew instinctively that Sabina was impressed. "How do 'ee like Lower Farm?" he whispered.

It was the untenanted house where she had torn the bough from the lilac bush, three months ago in the early spring.

"I don't dislike it."

"Sabina, if you'd say the word, we could have the place a-put straight, and marry to once. I've a-got enough to stock 'un well—what Gramfer Priddle left me when he died. We should sure to get on. You'd never regret it, Sabina—never in all your life. For I'd take care o' 'ee, as I would o' my life. An' I'd—"

"La! Sam! Why, you do squeeze the breath out o' me, you do. Why, I ha'n't a-got enough left to say 'Yes' wi'."

He relaxed his hold, and turned round to look in her face.

"Then you would?" he interrupted eagerly.

But the girl laughingly sprang away from him.

"I ha'n't a-said so, not 'ee," she cried, and, stepping upon a gap, she mounted the wall and walked along, balancing herself upon the tottering stones with extended arms.

The evening breeze fluttered with her sun-bonnet. The gleam of sunset, often so brilliant on the moor, glanced at her bare arms below the short sleeves of her light frock, brightening her rich figure into bold relief against the clustered elms of Middeney, dark under the sombre grey of approaching night.

"Let's go across to the river. There's a barge coming up. When he's a-gone by, let's go out in the boat."

She leapt down on the other side. Sam had no choice but to follow, and so they crossed the meadows to the tow-path.

Slowly down the river came the heavily laden barge, the water rippling gently from her broad bow. Rushes cold and green cast a mystery of shadow under the opposite bank, dark and abrupt against the silvery mirror upon which the evening sky reflected its clear face.

Sabina leaned back against a willow-tree that the horse might pass.

"Hullo! Sam Grinter! How are you getting on? Good evening, Miss Chiselett."

The voice came from the barge.

"What, Mr. Ashford?" cried young Sam, in cordial surprise.

"Yes. Here I am, you see. Back again. Have you got any young rabbits, Sam?"

"Not very many."

"There's a lot to our place," ventured Sabina.

"Might I bring over a gun of an evening, do you think?"

"For certain," replied the girl, with glad hospitality.

"Father do want 'em killed."

She had stepped to the river bank.

Ashford, sitting smoking in the bow of the barge, rose and looked back at her with something of his old admiration.

"How is the apple-crop turning out?" he shouted, laughing.

"Very well. Come and see."

"I shall. Good night. Good night, Miss Chiselett"; and the barge slowly disappeared around a bend of the river.

They got into the boat and cast off, for to-night Sabina was not content to sit quietly in the little inlet, but insisted on rowing up the stream. Her feet against the seat before her, she pulled with untiring energy, managing the cumbrous craft without difficulty. The dairy and the hay-field had given her strength: fresh air and sunlight had endowed her with laughter; and her heart gloried at the sight of Sam sitting gloomily silent in the stern.

He would have been so much happier on the cottage steps.

"Why don't 'ee talk, Sam?"

He could not tell; and that made it doubly irritating to be asked.

And Sabina was very mischievous and teasing that night walking home across the moor. When they parted at the gate of Christopher's home-field, she hadn't a-promised to marry young Sam—not 'ee.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CHRISTOPHER DETECTED.

Sophia had a way of getting her work done out of hand, then she would water the flowers and sit down to read. Only simplicity of soul made this woman's life endurable. Sometimes she spelt out a new verse, but she liked best to repeat the Psalms she knew, with the open book upon her lap. They comforted her heart, and filled her with thankfulness which overcame her sorrow. Then she would pray for John, and thank God for Christopher's friendship.

One calm summer evening, she was putting a nail to the jessamy by the porch, when catching sight of John Priddle up in parish, she remembered that she owed him two half-crowns. The formality and circumstance of paying a debt possessed a certain fascination for her. Possibly he might pass that way—so she went into the house to be ready with the money.

She took the little packet from the bureau and opened it on the table. She smoothed out the notes with her hand, and

took them up one by one with respectful interest bordering on affection. Then crept over her senses a feeling that one of them was familiar; just as sometimes in a strange place will come a consciousness of having been there before. Suddenly the recollection became complete. The thumb-mark, the smear of ink, even the ancient creases more persistent than the recent folds, asserted their identity. She turned it over quickly—there was the little cross.

With the thought of John returned his twice-repeated warning, clearly, almost as if it were still ringing in her ears.

"I shouldn't have money-dealings with him, mother, if I were you." And Christopher brought back that note the very day he carried her letter to the post.

The suspicion, even then resisted by her innate honesty and singleness of mind, rapidly grew into conviction. It took possession of her, invaded all her thoughts, and flooded her being. Then a troop of doubts and recollections rushed to support the accusations. Christopher's greed for money, in the opinion of some as near a virtue as a vice, was the by-word of the neighbours; and they used openly to rally him about it. "Christopher 'd goo ten mile for sixpence," they often said.

As the certainty of his perfidy thus forced itself upon her acceptance, the last glimmer of hope was extinguished in her heart. The letters were never sent, and therefore she received no reply. How often she had wondered at the silence; and Christopher explained it away. "To be sure it was not safe for John to write"—"Many a thing have a-been found out by a letter." Thus he lulled her misgivings until they fell to sleep with a sigh. But now that suspicion was awake the most trifling incident assumed importance. Christopher had more than once hesitated—faltered—and seemed unready with these explanations.

She replaced the note in the bureau.

These years of trouble had done so much to numb her spirit of self-defence that she felt no impulse to resist the fraud, or even to refer to it and "have it out." She accepted this with the resignation learnt of so many other sorrows. The money was nothing to her, and she gave it not a thought. But friendship, human sympathy, even the belief in mankind so natural to her simplicity, were all gone.

She would never be able to talk to Christopher again.

The fear that he would look in as usual aroused her from broken-hearted stupor, which followed this feeling of complete isolation. She could not see anyone—speak to anyone at that moment. Even freedom from debt lost its charm, and she quite forgot the claims of cousin John Priddle. Least of all could she have faced Christopher Chiselett.

With a heavy heart she crept upstairs, and seated herself on the carved oak coffer at the foot of the bed—not exactly to think, but to be alone with her grief.

It was later than usual when Christopher strolled down to the cottage that evening. In excellent spirits he walked in, and finding no one in the kitchen, tapped with his hob-nailed sole upon the stone floor to attract attention.

But Sophia made no response.

Feeling certain that she must be on the premises, he wandered out of the back door and around to the linyay. But she was not there. Returning, he loitered in the little back house, to examine the half-bag of potatoes, a wonderfully fine sample, in the corner. On the little oak table by the window was a solitary dumpling on a blue willow-patterned plate. Sophia had picked an early stubbard apple that afternoon, meaning to bake it and revel in an unexceptionable supper.

Christopher deftly removed the apple and inserted a potato.

He had a remarkably light hand for pastry. And he walked on tip-toe down the garden-path, taking care to close the hatch behind him with gentle circumspection.

But Sophia heard him go.

At last she crept downstairs and locked up the house. She had no thought for supper that night. The dumpling remained untouched in the back-kitchen for several days; and then she threw it to the ducks.

(To be continued.)

The Emir of Nupe, in the Lukoja country, at the confluence of the Benue with the Niger, a tributary prince of Sokoto, within the sphere of influence of the British Royal Niger Company, has presented to Queen Victoria a young lion, which will be seen at the Zoological Society's gardens.

A new branch railway, twenty miles long, the Dore and Chinley line, connected with the Midland Railway, and much shortening the route from Sheffield to London, has been completed, and will soon be opened for passenger traffic. It has a tunnel 6226 yards in length, and gives access to the Peak country of North Derbyshire.

The President of the Statistical Society, Mr. Charles Booth, in his opening address read on Nov. 21, upon life and labour among the people of London, examined the local conditions, poverty, crowding, early marriage, surplus of unmarried men, high birth-rate, and high death-rate, comparing the London registration districts. Poverty, which is equal in St. George's East and Holborn, is less marked in Whitechapel. The line of domestic crowding diverges more. St. Olave on the south side suffers much less in proportion to its poverty than Stepney, which is hardly so poor; Whitechapel is more crowded than poor; Poplar, Greenwich, more poor than crowded; and in Central London and Marylebone we find more crowding than poverty. Early marriages are very numerous in St. George's East and Whitechapel. In Holborn and also in St. Saviour's they are not so marked, but show again in St. Olave's and Mile-end Old Town. Unmarried men compared to unmarried women are most in Whitechapel and Stepney. They are not found to any great extent in Bethnal Green or Shoreditch. The sexes are equal in Camberwell, and thenceforward, with the exception of St. George's, Hanover Square, women increasingly prevail till we reach Hampstead. In the poorest districts, where women marry soonest, we find a surplus of unmarried men. In the richest districts, where women marry latest, there is a still greater surplus of unmarried women. The birth-rate, on the whole, is greatest where there is a surplus of unmarried men.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I find from the evidence of correspondents that the curious phenomena described recently in this column, wherein the image of a brilliantly lighted room was reproduced vividly some days after the person had seen the apartment, are not so uncommon as might be believed. The scene is apparently photographed with intensity by the eye, and there is thus ensured not only a permanency of the image on the brain, but, what is more to the point I think, a striking tendency to its reproduction as a "subjective" sensation—or, in other words, as a mental photograph projected on the eye's sensitive nerve-network from the brain itself. In the cases related by my correspondents, there is a unanimous agreement that the scene which has been reproduced, after the fashion of Macbeth's dagger, was first witnessed in a very bright light. This point is, therefore, worthy the attention of physiologists and psychologists both. The things we see in a dull or ordinary light, one might argue, are not so liable to be mentally and subjectively reproduced as are those which have had the benefit of a bright illumination. If this is so, we may go further still, and conceive that the brain's reproduction of the image is really dependent on purely physical conditions, among which light of intense kind is the chief or at least a paramount factor. The moral of this idea would appear to be that, contrary to popular opinion, the ghosts of science, to be produced readily and effectively by our brains, should be seen not in any mystical light, but in the full glare of day.

My vegetarian friends have of late been making an attempt to trot me out for purposes of public discussion. They are extremely anxious to get me to admit, what, by-the-way, I never have denied—namely, that fish, flesh, and fowl are not necessary items of human diet. Just so; and as a scientist, I hope I have been well enough taught, in my early days, to know, what the vegetarians seem to forget or to overlook, that man can live on animals alone, on plants alone, or on animals and plants combined. Why is it that good, peaceable, well-intentioned people will go about, in the attitude of the proverbial Irishman, asking and imploring other people to tread on the tails of their coats? This is what the vegetarians are doing, to their own refutation. They begin by assuming that the butcher's shop is an enormity, the fishmonger's emporium a monstrosity, and the poulterer's a dietetic oddity; forgetting all the while that food and diet are matters relative, first of all, to a nation and to its place on the earth's surface; and secondly, to individual taste, disposition, and health. If A tells me he thrives best on a purely plant-diet, I should say to him, "By all means continue your vegetarianism." But when A begins to argue that what suits him must agree with B and C (and the rest of the alphabet), it is high time to protest, and to remind A of the danger of applying particulars to universals.

Then, also, it seems to me that a mixed feeder must get out of his combined animal and plant fare all the good of the vegetable diet, combined with the advantages of more easily digested flesh. To speak and to write as vegetarians do of mixed feeders, as if they utterly scorned plants and fruits altogether, is of course, irrational and silly in the extreme. Also, vegetarians, or at least many of them, use milk, eggs, and cheese, so that they are really mixed feeders after all is said and done; and it is a significant fact that we are all animalians to begin with, for our mothers' milk is an animal secretion truly, and we thus lay the foundation of our physical life not in plant diet, but in animal food. The matter lies in a nutshell: let those with whom an exclusive plant fare agrees adopt it, but let them at least cease from pursuing their diet-idea as a ridiculous "fad," and of insisting that no man can be healthy (or, as some have urged, even moral in the best sense) who patronises the succulent chop.

Speaking of the resuscitation of miners after exposure to choke-damp, it may be interesting to note, in connection with last week's remarks on the use of oxygen gas, that in Scotland, at least, there is practised a curious method of revival. The half-suffocated man is placed face downwards over a hole freshly dug in the earth. The idea involved in this procedure is that the fresh earth "draws" the foul gas out of the lungs. Medical friends have assured me that the method is efficacious enough, although its rationale is a mystery. At least, some years ago I tried my best, but without success, to discover some scientific explanation for the popular procedure. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to suggest some explanation.

What is this we have been hearing of late days regarding the relatively greater delicacy of the senses of smell and taste in men as compared with the development of these senses in women? It is said that while the ladies excel the sterner sex in respect of touch, they fall behind in the matter of the work of nose and palate; and some brusque male writer adds, as if by way of clenching the argument, that "there never has been a really great woman cook." Possibly not, although the word "great" is itself a relative term, and women might urge, besides, that until of very recent times they have been pretty well kept in the background as cooks—that is to say, the rôle of *chef* has always tacitly been assumed to be capable of being played only by the male person. But as to the relative keenness of the senses in the sexes, we shall require a good many more experiments and investigations before the general proposition that this or that sense is more acute in men than in women, or *vice versa*, can be regarded as in any sense proved or confirmed.

Dr. M. C. Cooke has a note in a scientific contemporary on "Bleeding Bread." The red colour which is occasionally developed in bread, biscuit, potatoes, rice, &c., formerly gave rise to much superstitious alarm. It was first noticed in this country in 1853, and in 1886 quite an epidemic of this phenomenon occurred on the Continent. The cause of the red colour is the development of a low plant-organism called *micrococcus* (or *bacillus*?) *prodigiosus*. In the recent hot weather, Dr. Cooke says, the red colour was developed in this country, and especially on cooked potatoes. The red snow plant will doubtless occur to the minds of readers in connection with this curious colouration of bread.





"YOUNG SAM AND SABINA."

*She mounted the wall and walked along, balancing herself upon the tottering stones with extended arms.*



### "THE NAME I HAVE MADE."

The institution of brothers, judged by its earliest results, cannot be said to have succeeded; but since the days of Cain and Abel the fraternity has changed at least its weapons. Still, a brother remains to a large part of mankind at best a bore. He divides your inheritance where he does not monopolise it. He marries the girl you yourself wished to annex—in novels. Even Lord Beaconsfield, who in real life had to go to a brother for an heir, put all his hopes on sisters when he wrote a romance—which we have his own authority for saying he did whenever he wanted to read one. By sisters are his heroes ever fortified for the life-battle. Certain it is that a man who makes name or fortune for himself has nearly always a brother to reckon with as one of his difficulties. Dickens was no exception to the rule. The story of his even more intimate domestic troubles is well known. But the vexations brought upon him by his brother Frederick—though, of course, less keen than those involved by his disagreement with his wife—were by no means light or few. That he bore them bravely, and played well his difficult part as brother, I am quite certain after reading a bundle of unpublished letters from Charles Dickens bearing on the matter in hand.

The allusions to Frederick Dickens in the Forster biography and in the published Dickens letters are scanty. About the year 1838 Lord Stanley of Alderley gave him a Treasury clerkship—of course on the application of Charles Dickens. "He [Frederick] passed much time in his brother's home," is the record made of him by Forster about this time. In 1841 Dickens (writing to Forster from Edinburgh) rejoices in his speedy return to Devonshire Terrace, and says: "I wish you and Mac[ready] would dine in Devonshire Terrace that day with Fred. He has the key of the cellar. Do!" In the same year Dickens says that his wife is reconciled to his impending trip to America: "She talks about it quite gaily, and is satisfied to have nobody in the house but Fred, of whom they are all fond." Three years later—in 1844—Dickens went for a fortnight's holiday to Italy, taking his brother with him. They met at Marseilles: "In four days," says Forster, "they were at Albaro; and the morning after their arrival Dickens underwent the terrible shock of seeing his brother nearly drowned in the bay." He swam out into too strong a current, and was only just saved by an accidental fishing-boat. "It was a world of horror and anguish," Dickens wrote, "crowded into four or five minutes of dreadful agitation." Finally, we have the record of Frederick's death—the last of his brothers left and lost to Dickens. It took place at Darlington, in 1868. "He had been tended," wrote Dickens, "with the greatest care and affection by some local friends. It was a wasted life; but God forbid that one should be hard upon it."

A few words remain to be added to the record already publicly made. Like his famous brother, Frederick Dickens did not agree with his wife—a beautiful woman, who possessed what may be called even genius as a musician. It was no mere incompatibility of temper in this case, however. The divergence was a vital one; and the friends of the lady—as might be expected—made indignant appeal to the famous member of the husband's family. They, no doubt, supposed, in their panic of distress, that Dickens, with all his reputation, could intervene with effect; and they did not hesitate to hint at the scandal which would involve his own name—borne by his brother. It was then that Dickens said his say: "No painful sort of publicity," he wrote, "can possibly alter the fact that I have no power or shadow of power over Frederick. No communication with him, no knowledge of his doings. I do not in the least doubt (I wish I did) that he acts as you describe, nor do I affect to have viewed with philosophy the decay of so near a relative, for whom I have done more

than I can in any reason hope to do for each of my own seven boys. But one implication conveyed in your letter renders it necessary for me to observe that I know no one can disgrace me but myself, and that the name I have made is in my keeping, and in no other man's." The last sentence forms a sort of charter for famous brothers against infamous brothers, or against brothers who, as in this case, are at least less than creditable. Among all the published work of Dickens no passage excels this in sterling stand-up dignity; and I rescue it, therefore, from the oblivion of a sheet of blue paper, on which the ink, even though spread by the firm hand of Dickens, already begins to fade. A. B.



SIR GERALD PORTAL AND COLONEL RHODES,  
THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS TO UGANDA.

From a Photograph taken by Mr. G. H. Sturgess, of H.M.S. Swallow, off the East African Coast.

### THE POLITICAL MISSION TO UGANDA.

The Special Commissioner of the British Government to examine the affairs of Uganda, Sir Gerald Portal, her Majesty's Consul-General at Zanzibar, arrived at Lamu, on the East African seacoast, on Oct. 21, on his return journey, and embarked on board the gun-boat Swallow for his conveyance to Zanzibar. He was accompanied by Colonel Rhodes, who is brother to the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and Director of the British South Africa Chartered Company. These gentlemen had but ten months in the interior of Equatorial East Africa, and had made long marches, in going from the coast to Uganda and in returning, the inland journey being not less than seven hundred miles. They appeared in good health, though much tanned by the African sun, and rather thin from bad food; their dress also showed rough travelling wear. The paymaster of H.M.S. Swallow, Mr. G. H. Sturgess, photographed the distinguished passengers on board.

### H.M.S. REVENGE.

The Revenge, constructed by Palmer's Ship-building and Iron Company, of Jarrow, is one of the largest battle-ships afloat, being one of eight built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. She is 20 ft. longer, 5 ft. broader, and of 4150 tons more displacement than the ill-fated Victoria. Her length is 380 ft., breadth 75 ft., mean draught, 27 ft. 6 in., and displacement of water 14,150 tons. She has 19 ft. 6 in. freeboard forward, and 18 ft. aft. Her engines have an indicated horse-power with forced draught of 13,000, and 9000-horse power with natural draught; the twin screw-propellers making an ordinary speed of 16 knots, and 17½ extreme speed. The quantity of coals carried at the designed load draught is 900 tons. The construction of the ship is very strong; the hull alone absorbs 9640 tons of the total displacement. Of that amount about 7200 tons has been worked into the structure. She is built entirely of mild steel, the stem, stern-post, rudder, and shaft brackets of cast steel. The hull is divided into 220 water-tight compartments, thereby reducing the risk of danger to the bottom plating from rocks and torpedoes; and there is a double bottom to the engine-room, boiler, and main magazine spaces. The auxiliary machinery for the working of the ship includes steering engines, electric engines, and hydraulic pumping engines, with fully equipped workshops, and store-rooms. The officers and crew are accommodated on the belt and main decks. The upper deck extends from stem to stern without a break; above it are the shelter decks, on which are the two conning-towers. The barbettes project through the upper deck a few feet; inside are powerful hydraulic turning engines, with all the gear for controlling the turntables and working the guns. The barbettes have steel-faced armour 17 in. thick; the armour of the forward conning-tower is 14 in. thick, and the casemates of the 6-in. guns have 6-in. plates. A sloping protective deck of steel, 2½ in. thick, extends below the

water-line, 76 ft. from the bow, and from the stern a bout 72 ft. Between these two points is a protective deck, 3 in. thick, 3 ft. above the water-line, with a steel-faced armoured belt 18 in. thick and 8 ft. 6 in. wide along 250 ft. amidships. There is also a light belt of armour 4 in. thick above; the coal-bunkers are behind this armour. The ship carries four 67-ton breechloading guns of 13½ calibre, with a training of 120 degrees on each side; also ten 6-in. 100-pounder quick-firing guns, about thirty small quick-firing guns, two light field guns, five Nordenfeldt machine guns, and seven torpedo tubes.

At the Congregational Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, reading-rooms connected with the valuable library have been opened, free to all persons recommended by two Congregational ministers.



H.M.S. REVENGE.

From a Photograph by W. Parry, South Shields.





A MEETING OF THE PARISH COUNCIL AT DRUMDRUDGE.

BY FRED BARNARD.



The Wykebury Dairy Co's buildings at Stammerham



Field Place.  
The birthplace of Shelley.



Sharphurst Mill.  
The Site for the New  
Christ's Hospital.



Horsham parish Church  
from the Arun.

Holland Trincham

C. HENTSCHEL



LITERATURE.

STORIES BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

*A Book of Strange Sins.* By Coulson Kernahan. (London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden).—Mr. Coulson Kernahan has been stimulated by the spirit of many schools in this powerful collection of short stories and psychological essays which he gives us under the general designation, "Strange Sins." Strange they are in his hands, though, less deftly interwoven with clever analysis and dramatic environment, they might have been classed as fundamentals of the Decalogue under the common names murder, covetousness, pride, and those other sins which are the drama of life. From such a charge the author saves himself by a vein of thought which is both original and interesting. If at one moment he seems to sit at the feet of Matilde Serao, at another to be a disciple of the Tolstoi of old time, or to share an intellectual banquet with Björnsterne Björnson, he has none the less a distinct entity which stamps his fiction with his own trade-mark, and sheds upon it the light of the thinker and the missionary. There is a little story in this volume entitled "A Literary Gent," which should preach a finer apocalypse against intemperance than all the harangues of platform orators during the century. Bold, close-knit, entirely lacking the horrible, rising in its last chapters to a realism which is almost painful, the reader is yet spared those grimmer phantoms of wild imagining which many writers deem indispensable to the true presentment of the drink curse. The story is that of a man who is a *littérateur* and a moderate drinker, but one who has not sufficient self-control to keep his head under success. There is nothing original about the germ of it, but the treatment is new and extremely fascinating. So in "The Apples of Sin" rather vulgar crimes are made the subject of minute and clever character sketches, and of a very grim picture which the person of weak nerves may well pass by. Mr. Kernahan disclaims to have dwelt unduly upon detail, and his plea must be admitted; but the well-balanced mind will prefer his purely imaginative attainments to those which are the outcome of studies in terrible forms of vice. He shows really fine thought in a little bit of work called "The Lonely God," wherein he preaches from the strange text "God is loneliness, and loneliness God." It is a lofty flight, and the philosopher may well pause before the curious logic by which a preacher of the immortality of the soul gives a direct negation in an aphorism to the first principles of his teaching. But this is another question, and, for the matter of that, the whole of the dogmatic theologians must equip themselves for a contest with one who has such a potent individuality when discussing the tremendous questions he grapples with in "A Book of Strange Sins." These may pretend that it is a work which many will read for the purely fictional element, regardless of the author's claims to be treated from a higher standpoint; yet the liberal thinker and the poet will hail Mr. Kernahan as a brother, and declare that his cause is advanced by this ripe fruit of originality he has gathered.

MAX PEMBERTON.

OLD COURT LIFE IN SPAIN.

*Old Court Life in Spain.* By Frances Minto Elliot, Author of "Old Court Life in France," &c. Two vols. (London: Chapman and Hall).—It hardly seems twenty years since "Old Court Life in France" was written, but we have it on the authority of the author. That book is as fresh as ever, and it has now a charming companion in this work in two volumes on "Old Court Life in Spain." It need scarcely be said that in order fully to enjoy a chronicle of this sort—the art and interest of which lie in the selection of scenes and events not too familiarly known—the reader should first have gone over the broad highway of Spanish history, some knowledge of which and of its landmarks Mrs. Elliot of necessity takes for granted. History she does teach, and in a very pleasing fashion, but she views it rather under the angle of romance, and her method of narrative is pre-eminently that of the story-teller. This, however, is Mrs. Elliot's deliberate scheme, and I am finding no fault with it, for it is a very agreeable way of telling history; and here the romance is all in the subject and not of the author's inventing. Mrs. Elliot begins with the Goths and ends with the expulsion of the Moors and the pathetic death of Isabella. After this period, as she says, "the history of Spain loses its peculiar identity and becomes merged in that of Europe." Of the story of the Moors one would have liked a little more detail, were it not that that fantastic page of European history has been written exhaustively by Mr. Lane Poole, and (not to mention Washington Irving) more or less adequately dealt with in prose and song by very many pens. But as far as they go, the chapters that are occupied with the Moors—whose invasion, starting upon no worthier or more ambitious motive than that of a raid for booty, resulted in the all but complete reduction of the country—are picturesque and dramatic; and most readers will be glad to dwell a second time upon the beautiful and tragic romance of Abdul-Asis and Egilona, the luckless Queen of that handsome Roderich whose perfidy brought his crown about his ears, and his kingdom to the dust. There is full material, by the way, for a fine and stirring opera, which would be wanting in no element of human interest, and which would be full of superb and varied colour, in the mingled story of Roderich and Egilona, Florinda and Julian. There is a whole plot, too, ready worked out, with humour and passion combined in it, in the tale of the gallant and trustful Conde de Castila, of the wife whose wit and daring twice delivered him from prison, and of King Sancho the Fat and his bold, bad mother. To the Cid Campeador, that invincible freelance in whom so many qualities of good and evil are perpetually in conflict, and whose dazzlingly tempestuous career is the epitome of Spanish chivalry under at least two distinct aspects, several good chapters are devoted. The whole work bears evidence of conscientious and affectionate study, and innumerable descriptive passages would have led the reader to infer, what Mrs. Elliot assures him is the case, that a great part of it was written in Spain.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THACKERAY.

*With Thackeray in America.* By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. (Cassell and Co.).—If there be any disappointment in this book to the true Thackeray worshipper it is scarcely due to special shortcoming on the part of Mr. Crowe. With one exception, nobody who knew Thackeray has ever succeeded in giving us a vivid idea of the man. The exception is, of course, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, whose memories of her illustrious father have an infinite humour and grace; but, as a rule, Thackeray's contemporaries are either paralysed by their recollections of him or unable to retain very definite impressions of his personality. One remembers him as a childlike giant, never so happy as when tipping schoolboys; another was offended by his conversation at a dinner; a third—Sir William Fraser is a good third—never heard him say anything above the commonplace; a fourth has a vague memory of his religious sentiment; a fifth tells how he sat silent and morose when a particular aversion entered the smoking-room; a sixth, who was an intimate friend and coadjutor of Dickens, told me years ago how Thackeray burst into the Garrick one day crying, "Poor Sam Phillips is dead!" Sam Phillips was a critic of the *Times*, who was pilloried in the "Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," and my informant invited me to consider the absurdity of the man who could make that scourging onslaught, and then weep over the death of the flagellated. Of Thackeray's kind heart there are anecdotes without end. Of the sweetness of his nature the exquisite letters to Mrs. Brookfield are an enduring monument. But of his intellectual and moral proportions, as they struck an observer, you get no satisfying view, save in one lurid flash of Carlyle, who represented Thackeray as "a great saturnine melancholy man," vastly superior to his masterpieces of fiction, for which the author of sublimely melodramatic histories had no extravagant regard.

Now, if anyone ought to have clear and precise reminiscences of Thackeray it is Mr. Eyre Crowe, who acted as the novelist's secretary during the first visit to America. Opening this book at random you are struck at once by the Thackerayan quality of the drawings. Even when the figures are slaves they seem like people out of "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis." I am looking now at a black lady who is for all the world like Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, with her face corked for theatricals at Gaunt House. The young men wear hats and trousers and smoke cheroots, which are irresistible reminders of Mr. Harry Foker. I have always felt a respectful astonishment over Thackeray's efforts as a draughtsman. His vignettes and playful fantasies are full of humour, and Prince Bulbo and King Valeroso, and the footman who was turned into a doorknocker in "The Rose and the Ring" are treasures for which I would cheerfully resign realms. But such a picture as that of Becky as Clytemnestra, or the various aspects of Major Dobbin and Blanche Amory, leave me awe-struck by the gravity with which a great writer could lay down the pen and take up the pencil. However, Mr. Crowe was under the spell of both these Thackerayan implements. Here is a little negro boy presenting a cup of tea to a Chinese divinity student, and I could almost swear that when Thackeray saw that sketch he patted his secretary on the shoulder, and hailed him as a promising pupil. Or take the drawing "At Harper's," where Thackeray greeted James Harper's little girl as "the pirate's daughter," "an appellation," says Mr. Crowe, "which tickled the enterprising publisher's sense of humour into an approving grin." You do not see the child in the picture, but there is the grin, and it is exquisitely suggestive of Thackeray's quaint portraiture for the eye. Equally naïve is "A Presidential Reception," in which the President is greeting young Crowe, who has donned his "best suit of black," while that grimy-looking object on the left is a stalwart citizen in the "frowsy garb of a prairie labourer." This memento of American simplicity recalls to my mind a certain Governor of New York State who received his guests in his shirt-sleeves, and as he shook hands with the stream of visitors passing on either side of him, said with cheery monotony, "How d'y'e do? How d'y'e do? Glad to see you—glad to see you. Hot day—hot day." Look at the drawing called "Thackeray's Works, Sir!"—the youth in the railway-car, who rushes up and down the gangway laden with books, and whose habit it is still to drop a volume into your lap when you are dozing, and come round half an hour later with an unblushing demand for twenty-five cents. In the present instance he is unconsciously offering a great man's wares to the original purveyor, and I suppose that is Mr. Crowe looking over the back of Thackeray's seat, with an expression which, with the slightest possible dash of youthful dandyism, would be Arthur Pendennis to the life. It is a rare pleasure to any lover of Thackeray to linger over pictures which seem to be touched in some half quizzical way by the magician's wand. Of the magician himself, you get distracting glimpses. He prepared his lecture on "Humour and Charity" "lying down in his favourite recumbent position in bed, smoking, while dictating fluently the phrases as they came." This task took the whole day, and when it was over Thackeray exclaimed, "I don't know where it's all coming from!" At an entertainment given by Senator Fish, the conversation "took an etymological turn," and "Senator Seward asked Thackeray how his own name would be pronounced in England, to which the reply was 'Like sewer, I think,' an unsavoury idiom, which did not meet with his approbation." I fancy I can hear Sir William Fraser sniffing. Thackeray asked Harper who was the most popular author in America, and the reply was, "George Payne Rainsford James heads the list. He turns out a novel every six months, and the success is always the same, and tremendous." The explanation was equally impressive: "His romances can always be safely placed upon the family table with the certainty that no page will sully or call the blush to the cheek of any member of the household." It is sad to think that George Payne Rainsford James no longer adorns the American "family table," like an irreproachable joint; but has not that respectable board groaned under equally impeccable dishes like E. P. Roe and General Lew Wallace?—L. F. AUSTIN.

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DEER-HUNTING IN THE FOREST OF THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.





RABBIT-SHOOTING.



## LUCK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The late Mr. Richard Proctor had a scientific spite against the doctrine of luck. By aid of some pettifogging calculations and rows of figures he endeavoured to prove (and perhaps succeeded in proving) that there is no such thing. But human nature will be sadly changed when it is convinced by a mere mathematical demonstration. Perhaps the belief in luck has a good as well as a bad side. Home comes the ship in triumph whose crew believe in their luck: a lucky General is followed with a more spirited alacrity, and his unsuccessful rivals get great comfort out of the idea that he is only lucky. Then an idea that his own luck is bad keeps many a man from gambling—a game which you cannot keep up long and remain both a gainer and an honest man. What confidence a batter feels when he plays in his lucky cap! What consolation he sucks, in defeat, out of the reflection that he played in his unlucky cap! To be sure there is another aspect of all this, but, at worst, a man will exert himself more gallantly when he puts faith in his luck, in his star—that is, in himself. The fellows who have presentiments, and vow that they are going to fall in action, do fall very often; but so do others, not troubled with presentiments, and they are lucky in taking a cheerful view of their luck.

The whole doctrine, of course, is savage and irrational, and rests on the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. No doubt Dr. Johnson once touched his favourite posts in a careless humour, was lucky that day, and ever after went on touching them. He had also a complicated series of superstitious manœuvres to execute when he entered a door, and he could not have logically defended actions in which he steadily persisted. To some minds, knowledge of the origin of a superstition destroys its validity. We know why Friday is an unlucky day, why it is unlucky to sit down in a company of thirteen at dinner. The Gospel narrative explains these popular opinions, and therefore, personally, I would sooner dine with twelve pleasant and pretty people on a Friday than with eleven dull and plain ones on a Thursday. Yet these apprehensions cannot be driven out of the feeble minds of the majority. But, on the other hand, I never walk under a ladder without making the sign for averting the evil eye, though I know *why* it is unlucky to walk under a ladder. It has nothing to do with the chance of being hanged, or of having things dropped on one's head. The superstition dates from savage times, and, alas! can only be explained to anthropologists. In these days of female education, the decent obscurity of a foreign language no longer affords shelter to the learned. Why the nine of diamonds is unlucky to Scots, the Curse of Scotland, may be ascertained. It has nothing to do with a kind of Elizabethan baccarat, at which the Scotch nobles ruined themselves. The order for the execution of Queen Mary, the news of Solway Moss, the command for the Massacre of Glencoe, or for refusal of quarter at Culloden, was *not* written on the back of the nine of diamonds, as people persistently allege. Nor are the nine lozenges on the Stair shield the cause. In fact, the nine of diamonds used to be printed in the form of a saltire or St. Andrew's cross, and the St. Andrew's cross is the cross of Scotland. The "cross" was corrupted into the "curse" of Scotland, and that is the whole secret, or if that is not the explanation, we are never likely to find a better. The curse is a very good card to hold at baccarat, with a ten, and has nothing unlucky about it.

Mr. Proctor scarcely needed to show that fetishes of all sorts do not affect fortune at cards. They are all based on a chance coincidence between an object of any sort and a run of luck. Thus, turn your chair thrice when unlucky, and the luck will turn also. But Mr. Proctor did not even allow that some players, like Garcia, the breaker of banks, were lucky. There are many thousands of people playing, he argued. The miracle would be, not if some people are fortunate, but if nobody is. Thus, if a million people toss a penny a thousand times it will be odd if one or two do not meet a run of twenty on heads or tails. Just such a run of success must be encountered, now and then, by one of a million gamblers. This is very well; but the singular thing was, not that luck came once to Garcia, but that it seemed to follow him and cling to him so long. Why to him? It is as if one of the million tossers of the penny was constantly tossing a series of twenty heads. Of course Garcia's luck was made conspicuous because he was playing high. Possibly some other men were as lucky, but were unobserved because they were staking crowns instead of hundreds of pounds. We are often lucky, as far as fortune can serve us, without taking advantage of it. I have seen all one side of a roulette table, say *rouge*, *impair*, *manque*, come up in a steady series of, perhaps, eight; yet nobody put a Napoleon on each of the three chances, and let it run for eight times. The sum

of £1530 was simply clamouring to be won, at a trivial risk, and nobody won it. This is one of the recollections which embitter existence. Mere ordinary prudence suggested the stake, Fortune was ready to do her part, and nobody welcomed her advances. Players were not unlucky, they were unwise. The doctrine of the maturity of the chances was once held in honour; it is exploded except among the unreasoning. Thus, black has run ten times, the chance of red is deemed to be "mature,"

persecutions of Fortune. Luck at golf varies more frequently than at whist, where there are long runs of impossibly bad hands. I once met X, *on foot*, at a distance of six hundred yards from his club. "Why this unconscionable deal of pedestrian exercise?" I said, and he admitted that he had held hopeless hands for three weeks. He was trying to walk it off. "The labour we delight in physics" some persons, and I hope that walking exercise produced a fine flow of trumps to the hand. These, and such as these, are the methods by which we try to propitiate luck; for instance, it has been found serviceable, by an unfortunate angler, to sacrifice a trout to a black cat. But one is not certain that the Church sanctions this expedient.

## THE ST. BRIDE'S FOUNDATION INSTITUTE.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, on Monday, Nov. 20, brings under public notice a new institution which promises to be very useful. The St. Bride's Foundation Institute, based on the accumulated income of certain charities, will include technical printing schools, a technical printing library, a printing museum, a gymnasium, reading-rooms for both boys and girls, and, besides ordinary baths, a very large swimming-bath, 75 ft. by 27 ft. The site in Bride Lane and Bell's Buildings, hitherto occupied by a very poor and decayed kind of property, has been bought from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for £11,300, and will be covered by buildings of red brick, stone, and terra-cotta, costing, with their fittings, about £20,000. The architect is Mr. R. C. Murray, and Mr. W. Brass is the building contractor. It is hoped to have the swimming-bath ready to have the swimming-bath ready



PROPOSED ST. BRIDE'S FOUNDATION INSTITUTE, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET.

so some ill-advised philosophers back the red. There is, of course, no reason why black should not run for another series of ten. It is even betting each time; the past run does not affect the next turn of the cards. Therefore, it is very unlucky, or worse, injudicious, to lay on a colour or number merely because it is shy and retiring, and does not turn up. You may see some poor idiot keeping a note of the numbers, and backing thirteen just because it has not appeared all day. It is really more lucky to back each number, as it appears, to return next time, for that often occurs. As to colours, the vast majority of gamblers now put their stakes on that which turned up last, so that red is all bespangled with gold, while black only shows a solitary louis. In this way you may get on a run, and have your stake doubled every time. But, when you adopt a plan so simple and obvious, the colours change each time, black and red alternately, and you are ruined. This can

be done next summer, and the rest by the winter of 1894.

The Prince of Wales accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was received at Bell's Buildings by the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, chairman of the governors, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, in their official robes, Alderman Treloar, and the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, Sir Somers Vine, Sir Reginald Hanson, Mr. Quintin Hogg, Mr. Passmore Edwards, and other gentlemen. Having been addressed by the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, who gave an account of the institute, his Royal Highness made a speech in reply. The Lord Mayor, as Master of the Stationers' Company, spoke of the importance of the printing and publishing trades, in which, Mr. Passmore Edwards said, fifty thousand persons in London are employed. The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone, and received a vote of thanks.

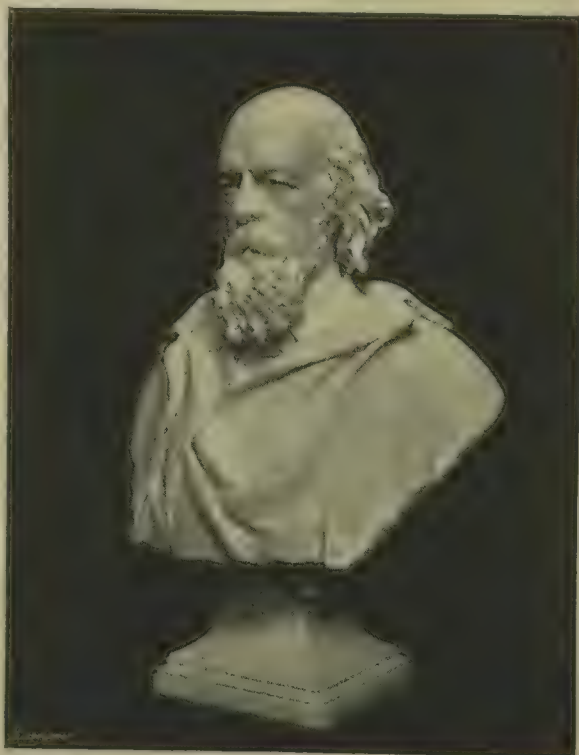
## BUST OF TENNYSON FOR THE CITY ART GALLERY.

The City of London Corporation Fine Art Gallery, at Guildhall, has received an interesting addition in the new marble bust of the late Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, which is the work of Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Esher, a sculptor already commended by public esteem for his busts of the Queen and other members of the royal family. The artistic merits of truthfulness and fidelity in portraiture, and a just conception of the personal characteristics, are qualities of such work readily appreciated by the general public, and Mr. Williamson's success, in this instance, is attested by those who were best acquainted with the deceased poet. There was no special ceremony at the unveiling of the bust.

The Goldsmiths', Clothworkers', and Skinners' Companies have each voted £500 towards the special five years' maintenance fund of King's College Hospital.

The Incorporated Law Society (of solicitors) held its annual meeting on Nov. 22, at Liverpool, and its committee made a report strongly recommending the permanent appointment of Judges of the High Court of Justice to sit alternately in Liverpool and Manchester throughout the legal year, instead of keeping those great cities and South Lancashire within the general assize system. The Queen has granted £2000 from the funds of the Duchy of Lancaster towards the endowment of a chair of law.

At the Imperial Institute, on Nov. 23, Surgeon-General Moore delivered a lecture on the use of opium in India, which he considered not more deleterious than that of alcohol. Taken in excess, or as crude opium in the form of pills, it would check digestion and cause constipation, and might bring on a wasting of the body. Moderate opium-smoking was not prejudicial to health; its effect was first to exhilarate and to brighten the intellect, after which it tended to repose, and never made people quarrelsome. He contended that it would be wrong to prohibit the use of opium. Lord Reay, who presided at the meeting, did not express any decided opinion.



BUST OF LORD TENNYSON AT GUILDHALL.

only be explained by your bad luck, and it is wiser to leave off and try on another day when you did not get out of bed on the wrong side, nor spill the salt at breakfast. As to luck at golf, my experience is that it is exactly balanced. One day your opponent "stimies" you thrice and holes putts past praying for, and you notice—possibly comment on—his luck. Next day you are as fortunate yourself, but then you set it down to the excellence of your play. Nobody notices the bad luck of his opponent, though he tries to draw your attention to the unmerited



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ART NOTES.

The eleventh exhibition of the New English Art Club shows that, however much it may have been rent by internal discord, it has no intention to abandon the struggle against conventional art and Academic style. For better or for worse, we shall have to reckon with the self-confidence of this brotherhood, which is likely to gather strength rather than to lose it. We have only to look back on the history of another artistic brotherhood—the Pre-Raphaelites—to understand what power lies behind a few men possessed with ideas and self-esteem. Pre-Raphaelitism is, perhaps, dead, except in the case of one or two interesting survivals—like Mr. Holman Hunt and Sir Noel Paton—but its influence upon English art has been, so far, permanent. It remains to be seen whether this new movement, which aims at quickening the perception of artists and at establishing the principle that their sole aim should be to raise their art and not to amuse or instruct the public, is destined also to leave behind, when its affectations and mannerisms are forgotten, a record of its influence upon our fellow-countrymen.

In the present exhibition there are at least half a dozen pictures which would attract notice in any gallery by their real excellence. Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait of Miss Emma Froude (53) is a carefully composed study in blue, very quiet in colour and painted with great reserve; and on the opposite wall Mr. William Strang, better known as an etcher than as a painter, has a very powerful group of bathers (82), three seated figures on the bank of a stream. The scheme of colour is well worked out through the flesh tones and the landscape, producing an harmonious effect which is worthy of all praise. Mr. William Rothenstein's "Souvenir of Scarborough" (77) is more ambitious, and as a bit of colour even more successful. The title is, perhaps, the worst thing about it—unless it be the landscape, which has no sort of bearing on a model in a green velvet dress, and so curiously posed that the least movement of her elbows would be followed by the collapse of her drapery. The beauty of the picture lies in the admirably harmonised colour of the dress with the pink blossom in the lady's hat. Mr. A. S. Hartrich's "Donkey-Girl at Berck" (86) and "The Rope Walk" (87) are delicate in tone and line, and they find worthy companions in Mr. Arthur Tomson's more brightly coloured "Mangold Field" (83) and "Golden Harvest" (84). Mr. Buxton Knight has also a brilliant sense of colour, but his work is apt to look spotty and artificially rugged. Nevertheless, his "October Day" (37) and "Hazelwood Grange" (43) show a very high appreciation of the richness and warmth of an English landscape. It is a pity that Mr. C. E. Holloway cannot be persuaded to see nature through a less depressing medium than is suggested by his "Carlyle Pier, Chelsea" (46); a really fine but over-sunless study of the Thames; and one turns with pleasure to such works as Mr. Yates's "November" (62), Mr. William Estall's "Breezy Day" (70), Mr. Walter Cadby's "Dahlias and Roses" (32), and Mr. Charles Conder's "Vetheuil" (63), for brighter studies of nature and atmosphere. Close to the last-named hangs Mr. Walter Sickert's huge picture of the "Hôtel Royal, Dieppe" (64), and possibly some who have experienced the hospitality of this establishment, and its charges, will think that at last they have their revenge. Among the water colours, Mr. Henry Tonks's "The Hill-side" (11) and "Farmyard" (4) are both marked by a certain distinction as well as power; but Mr. Francis James parodies rather than imitates Mr. Whistler in his Venetian studies. In the black-and-white work, Mr. Edmund Sullivan's "Lucifer" (14) is a powerful rendering of a "fallen" one; and that strange wayward genius, M. Pélicien Rops, exhibits his bitter irony in two or three remarkable etchings. There are many other works on which one can linger with interest if not always with admiration, and the reflection with which one closes a walk round the gallery is that this seed of modern art blown across the Channel will, under a different sky and a fresh soil, soon develop fruit or flower with which the original stock has but little in common.

If there is anything which can keep pace with the modern house-builder it must assuredly be the modern picture-reproducer. Each week seems to add to the already interminable list of etchings, engravings, or photogravures by which the walls of the modern house may be pleasantly adorned and good taste fostered. The Art Union of London, which was, perhaps, the pioneer of this custom, is well to the front this year with an etching by Mr. Robert Macbeth of Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Summer Time," a picture which when seen at Burlington House raised still higher the estimation in which the Academician's work is held. Mons. E. Gaujean has cleverly etched Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Tea and Scandal"—three old tabbies busily engaged in destroying somebody's character, under the watchful eye of a fourth tabby, a four-footed one, whose expression of philosophic indifference is very happy. Mr. R. H. Carter's "Message to the Reef," which attracted a good deal of notice at the Royal Academy the summer before last, also looks well in reproduction. It tells prettily the story of how the light-keepers at the Longships, off the Land's End, can communicate with land, and of the anxiety with which their signals are watched by those on shore.

The managers of the New Gallery have undertaken a task which, if successfully carried out, should bring them as much credit and profit as the Tudor or Stuart Exhibitions. They are hoping to bring together early in January a thoroughly representative collection of the works of Italian art during the most flourishing period of the Transalpine Republics, with the exception of Venice, which is to be reserved for a subsequent occasion. Of course, paintings illustrative of the various schools will form an important feature of the exhibition, but its more distinctive character will be found in the quatre-cento and cinque-cento metal work, the majolica and other forms of lustre ware, illuminated manuscripts, printed books and their bindings, goldsmith's work, jewellery, and embroidery—in fact, everything which can bring before the mind the wealth and intelligence of the peoples of Tuscany, Umbria, Lombardy, and Naples, at the time of the revival of learning and art.

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CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2589 received from E E II, J Ross (Whitley), E London, Charles Burnett, F Knighton, Julia Short (Exeter), T Shakespear, W P Hind, T Roberts, F J Knight, A McClintock, E Hacking (Liverpool), A H B, J M K Lupton, F A Carter (Maldon), M Burke, E Emmerton, E Bygott (Sandbach), J W C, A W Hamilton-Gell, J S Martin, Er Fernando (Glasgow), Odiham Club, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W David (Cardiff), Hermit, G R Hargreaves (Brighton), Shadforth, Howich, Walter Coventry, A Newman, John M Robert (Grossart), A J Haggood (Haslar), Digamma, C E Perugini, G Joicey, C M A B, C R Baxter (Dundee), Martin F, F B Guerin (Guernsey), Joseph Willcock (Chester), H B Hurford, T G (Ware), W R B (Plymouth), Blair Cochrane (Clew), R H Brooks, Stirlings (Ramsgate), A C Hurley, W R Raillem, Little Bits, L Beirant (Bruges), Ubique, Alpha, J Dixon, M A Eyre (Folkestone), G T Hughes (Athy), Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Sorrento, T Isaac, Captain J A Chalice (Great Yarmouth), and N Harris.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MRS. BAIRD'S PRIZE PROBLEM received from C E Perugini, G R Hargreaves, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Er Fernando, F Waller (Luton), W P Hind, J M K Lupton, Shadforth, G Joicey, Blair Cochrane, Alpha, H S Brandreth, T G (Ware), Martin F, Sorrento, and J Coad.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2588.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.

1. B takes P

2. Q to B 3rd (ch)

3. Q to Kt 3rd. Mate.

BLACK.

K takes Kt

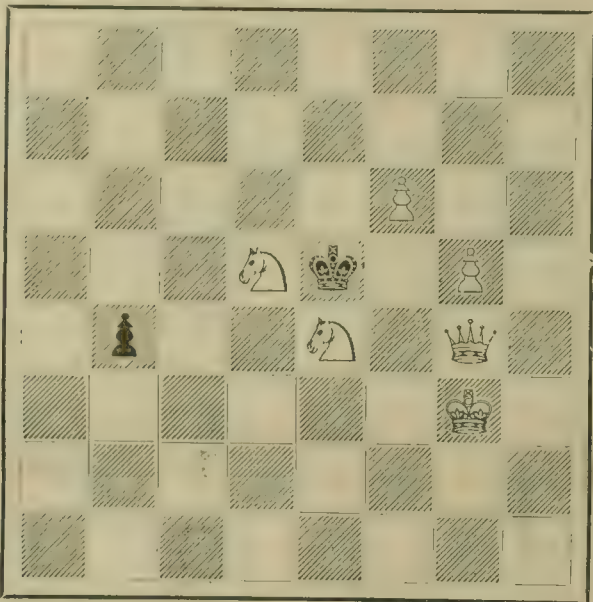
K to B 5th

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th; 2. Q to Q 2nd (ch), K moves; 3. B or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2591.

By MAX J. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Tournament between Messrs. PILLSBURY and SHAW-WALTER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Q R to Q sq	R to Q sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. R to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Q to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
4. Castles	Kt takes P	21. R to Kt 3rd	Q to B 4th
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	22. R to R 3rd	R to B 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	23. R to R 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
7. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	24. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes Kt
8. P takes P	Kt to Kt 2nd	25. R takes B	Q to R 3rd
9. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	26. Q to Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd
10. B to Kt 2nd		27. P to B 5th	

It will be obvious that White has now a very fine opening, but the moves, excepting, perhaps, this last, are familiar enough.

11. Kt to Q 4th Kt to B 4th | 27. R (B sq) takes P | Kt takes P || 12. P to Q B 4th | B to R 3rd | 28. Q takes R | R to K B sq |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Kt to K 3rd | 29. Q to Kt 4th | P to B 4th |
|  |  | 30. P to K R 4th | R to K sq |
|  |  | 31. B to B sq | Q to B sq |
|  |  | 32. R to R 5th | P to Q 3rd |
|  |  | 33. B to Kt 5th | P takes P |
|  |  | 34. R to R 6th | R to K 2nd |
|  |  | 35. B to B 6th (ch) | R to Kt 2nd |
|  |  | 36. B takes P | K to Kt sq |
|  |  | 37. Q takes P (ch) | R to B 2nd |
|  |  | 38. B takes R, and wins. |  |

Kt to B 5th or R to Q sq are good moves hereabouts, but the developing text-move has recommendations.

13. B to B 4th B P takes Kt |  |  || 14. Kt takes Kt | B to K 2nd |  |  |
| 15. Kt to K 4th | B to K 3rd was safe for the time. |  |  |
| 16. Q to Kt 4th | K to R sq |  |  |
| 17. P to B 4th | Q to K sq |  |  |

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. W. N. WALKER and G. B. FRASER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		K to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to K B 4th		

Adopted for the purpose of testing the somewhat unusual form of defence to the Ruy Lopez.

4. P to Q 4th B takes Q P | 15. B takes Kt | Q takes B || 5. P to K 5th | P to Kt 5th (ch) | 16. R to Q B sq | Intending to take the Q B P with Kt next move. |
| 6. P to Q B 3rd | P takes P | 17. Q takes R | P takes Kt |
| 7. Castles | P takes P | 18. Q to Kt 5th | Q to Kt 3rd |
| 8. B takes P | Q to K 2nd | 19. B to Kt 4th | R to K sq |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3rd | B takes Kt | 20. B to B 5th | Q to R 4th |
| 10. B takes B | Kt to R 3rd | 21. B to Q 6th | P to Q B 3rd |
| 11. B to Q B 4th | Kt to Q sq | 22. R to Q B 3rd | P to Q Kt 5th |
| 12. Kt to Q 4th | Kt to K 3rd | 23. R to B 5th | Q to Q Kt 3rd |
| 13. Kt to K 5th |  | 24. R to Kt 5th, and wins. |  |

The first player now gets a hold sufficiently decisive of the issue.

We learn from an esteemed Montreal correspondent that Mr. Steinitz contemplates a tour among the Canadian clubs within the next few weeks, unless the arrangements for his match with Mr. Lasker interfere. For this latter event he is quite ready, having most of his stake money already in hand.

An interesting match was played on Oct. 18 at the Metropolitan Chess Club between a team of its first-class members against a team of its third class. The result was: First class, 183; third, 43. In a League match (A division) played by the same club against the Bohemians, the scores were: M.C. Club, 12½; Bohemians, 7½.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

How thankful we all must be that the coal strike is over! Thankful, indeed, for our own sakes, for among the great middle class few are able to meet, without some personal inconvenience, a large increase on the normal price in one of the main elements of ordinary expenditure. In this respect, it really matters little whether one's income is three hundred or a thousand a year: if it is being lived up to—and it generally is—the increase in price of one necessary item means inconvenience and the need for pinching a little. It is different, however, for the really poor, to whom an increase in the price of food or fuel means not merely, as it does to the better-off, stinting some luxurious want, such as in dress or entertaining, but actually the sad suffering of a lack of the necessities of life. The widespread of the misery caused by a great industrial war is beyond our imagination or perception, but it is calculated that £30,000,000 have been lost. From the shareholders in railway companies, whose dividends will be reduced, through the large bodies of employers of labour and workers at trades in which coal is used, and who have been put on short earnings simply because the coal has been too dear to keep the full production going, and the shopkeepers whose receipts have been diminished by the lack of spending power in all these classes, down to the humblest workers whose daily livelihood depends on the active demand for such things as slop-made clothing and boots—all have suffered in loss of income at the same time that they have felt the hardship of the increased price of fuel.

It is truly a sad business altogether. The full brunt of the misery, of course, is borne by the strikers and their families. "Women must weep," indeed," wrote to me recently the wife of a Yorkshire mayor; a rich and benevolent woman; "but the women here are fiercer and more resolute than the men, and the most awful to meet." In truth, that is not hard to understand, for to sit and see one's little ones wanting for daily bread must be more like to drive a mother to madness than any degree of personal suffering could do. Yet for the women whose share in such a battle is only the outside influence and money help, it is most needful to study carefully the ultimate results of any action, and not to be led away by sympathy for the sorrow that is seen at first hand, for it is easy to make greater misery hereafter by charitable actions. That is the pity of it—it is so easy to do harm and so difficult to work unmixed good in this world, both in public and private life!

Though the action of Government about women voting in Parish Council elections has caused a good deal of comment, it is really a small matter. There is no doubt that in 1869 Parliament intended to give the right to voting for local representatives to all women ratepayers; but an enterprising candidate for the Town Council of Sunderland, in 1872, finding that his election was lost by one vote, and that two married women ratepayers had voted for his opponent, challenged the point, and the Court of Queen's Bench held that marriage made a woman "not a person," and that those votes should be struck off. The Government have now decided to insert in this Bill a clause stating that marriage does not disqualify from voting, in local elections, a woman who is a ratepayer in her own person.

It seems as if the question of removing the grating that now shuts in the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, and conceals its occupants from members, is destined to form an annual amusement to the House. The provision of the gallery at all did the same for many years. The Hon. Grantley Berkeley was the member who used to propose it year after year, and he tells in his memoirs how he was not only laughed at, but seriously remonstrated with by other members, who pointed out to him that it would be impossible to explain at home that they had been kept at the House if it were open to their wives to come in and look for them and find them not in their places. "But you can always say you were in the library, my boy," was the answer of the hon. member, who did not fail to perceive the force of the argument. However, he might have gone on for ever making his motion had not an accident precipitated the formation of a ladies' box. The only spot from which previously any lady could hear the debates was from the ventilator opening in the roof. Elizabeth Fry was the first woman to be allowed to go up there. The Quaker members of Parliament procured from the Speaker a permit for her to be there during the debates on prison reform, in their votes on which they were always guided by her experienced advice. Other ladies followed occasionally, but it was a most uncomfortable place—dark, and with only room for about two chairs. Well, one day Fergus O'Connell, son of the "Liberator," was going to make a speech which he intended should be a very fine one, and so he (like a good husband, caring more for the verdict of the critic on the hearth than any other) arranged for his wife to be in the ventilator hole to listen. As soon as he had done speaking he rushed upstairs, and entering that dark place, saw, as he supposed, his wife turn to greet him. He threw his arm round her and kissed her warmly; as he said, "Well, my darling, what did you think of it?" But so it chanced that his wicked wife had not come, and that the wild Irishman had embraced a duchess, the wife of an influential Minister, who declared to her husband that such mistakes must be prevented for the future by making a proper ladies' gallery.

It is a queer, inconvenient, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated little box, now certainly. The carpet is worn, the chairs are rickety, it is so high as to get all the hot close air, and so constructed that only the dozen occupants of the front row of chairs can see through the openwork iron grille that bars us in, while we cannot hear three-fourths of the speakers at all. Still, it seems as if that gallery is going to last yet. I happened to be asked to tea at the House with a little party of other ladies a day or two after the question had been mooted, and behold! when we talked this over at the tea-table, two members so differing on most questions as Sir Richard Temple (a Conservative, but a "stalwart" for women's suffrage, even to the point of putting a mention of it in his election address) and Mr. Atherley-Jones (a Liberal, who has voted against women's suffrage) were agreed that "it would not do" to let what the children call "pretty ladies" be in full view of the members of the House. How shockingly weak-minded men seem to be!



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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Chester has been speaking pluckily about the payment of school rates. Alluding to the unfairness of the present state of things under which the Church schools were so heavily handicapped, he said that if they could not get Parliament to make a more equitable arrangement, he believed, however reluctantly, those rate-payers who realised the injustice of the present state of things would be compelled to decline to pay the rates for education. He is applauded by a Church paper, which says that if a bishop with a few clergy, and many more earnest laymen, would go to prison rather than pay rates to support a religious education which is a sham, then the British nation would soon rise to the fact that even Church people have consciences to be respected. It goes on to ask whether Dr. Jayne will lead the way?

There is more trouble in the parish of St. Michael's, Coventry, surely the stormiest in England. The Vicar has been absent for a year by arrangement, but things have not righted themselves. The two assistant curates have resigned, the mission church is closed, and the Vicar has no stipend.

One of the most respected of the Evangelical clergy in London, the Rev. Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, is, it is stated by the *Record*, suffering from cancer, and there is little hope of his recovery.

A tablet has been placed over the grave of Bishop Wordsworth in St. Andrews. The inscription on the

tablet is "Manus ad clavum, oculus ad cælum" (The hand to the nail, the eye to heaven"). This motto was written yearly in the Bishop's pocket-book the whole forty years he was Bishop, only after the first twenty years he transposed the words.

Lord Ebury had long been practically forgotten, but at one time he was well known as the advocate of Prayer Book revision. He quarrelled with the word "priest" in the Prayer Book, and wished it clean swept away. He had a great faculty of persistence, but was not otherwise a formidable controversialist.

The *Church Times* has completed its defence of the City churches against London. When the writer begins to quote from Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra"—

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called "work" must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price, &c.  
it must be felt that he is pretty hard-pressed.

In a letter published last week, Mr. Gladstone recommends as the three best books for acquiring a knowledge of the Oxford Movement, the "Apologia," Dean Church's work, and the "Memoirs of Isaac Williams."

The January number of Mr. Adderley's new Church magazine, *Goodwill*, is now ready. It contains contributions from Mr. Gore, Canon Scott Holland, Miss Clementina Black, Professor Shuttleworth, and others. The promoters hope to get it well localised. The new magazine is giving

more robust matter than its popular contemporaries, but whether this will help its sale is quite another question.

The depression of trade, as I mentioned before, has told perceptibly on the funds of the different societies and denominations, but it is hoped that better times are in prospect, and that loss will be made good before the end of the financial year.

It has been proposed that the Presbyterian Church of England should enter into friendly relations with the Established Church in Scotland. Some feeling having been excited, the proposal has been withdrawn in the meantime. Among the English Presbyterians there are not a few who sympathise with the principle of the Establishment, and those are more in sympathy with the Church of England than with the Nonconformists.

A compilation by Miss May Cochrane, entitled "Sevenfold Might," has just been issued from the press of Masters and Co., New Bond Street. The entire profits will go to help the poor people of Newfoundland to rebuild their cathedral, destroyed in the fire of 1891. The Bishop of St. Andrews has written a sympathetic preface, and Canon Carter has composed a "daily office" for the use of any readers who desire such help. One unique feature of the book is that it is the only one now on sale which contains the specially written contributions of twenty-six bishops on one subject—namely, the power and work of the Holy Spirit. Every copy sold (2s.) will mean a sound brick in the cathedral walls.

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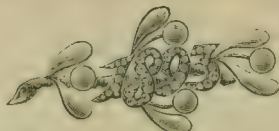
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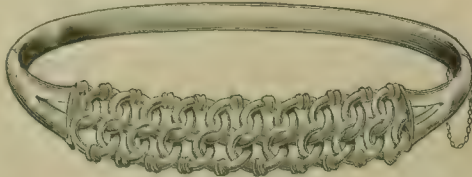
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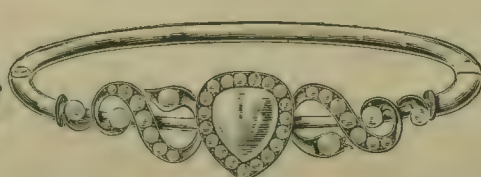
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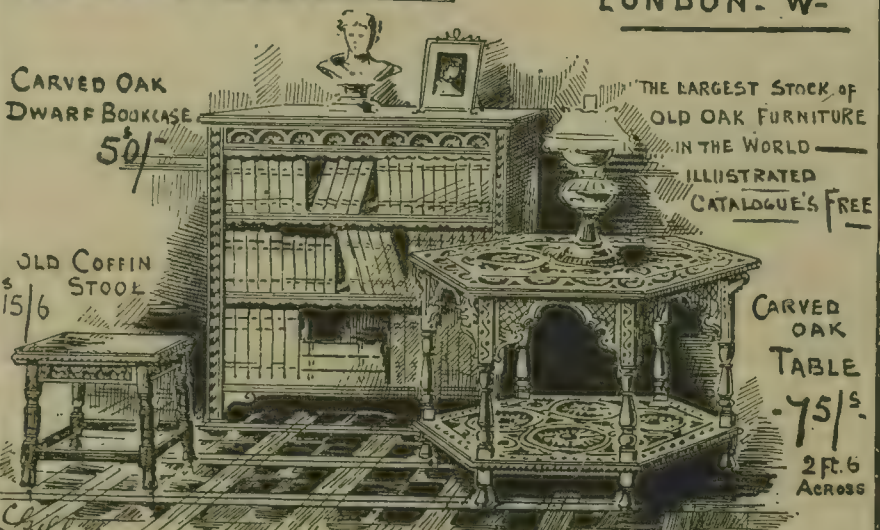
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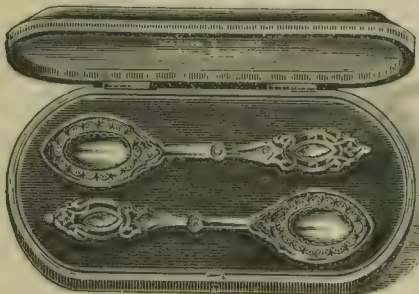
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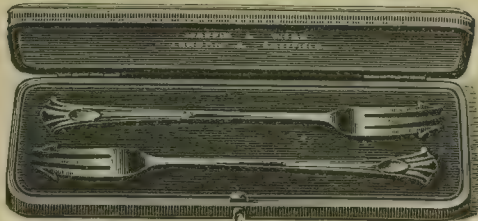
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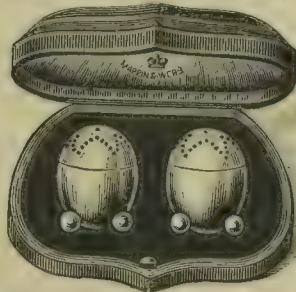
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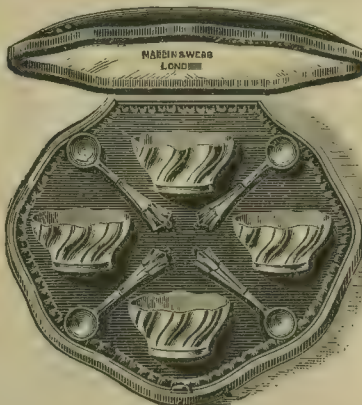


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IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"Sept. 10, 1888.  
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat and cold.  
"On a Saturday evening I have sometimes felt a little sore throat, or have had a slight cold on the chest, in which case I have rubbed in the Embrocation at night, put a piece of flannel over the part, and the next morning found myself quite recovered and able to do a long day's work in Church and Sunday School."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.

"May 12, 1890.  
"We have now had your Universal Embrocation in constant use for over three years, and it has, without exception, given entire satisfaction to all who have used it.—Yours faithfully,  
"JAMES BLACK."

BRONCHITIS.

Mrs. Jessie Keene, 46, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, W., writes:

"Jan. 27, 1893.  
"I have much pleasure in telling you that I have used your Embrocation—not in my stables, as I have none, but in my nursery—for ten years; and if mothers only knew the value of it in cases of bronchitis and sore throats they would never be without a bottle of it in the house."

ACHES, SPRAINS, & STIFFNESS.

From A. F. Gardiner, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper).

"44, Cawley Road, South Hackney, N.E.  
"Aug. 6, 1891.

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Elliman's Embrocation. I have used it for many years past for sprains, and it has always afforded me great relief. . . . After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. H. Kricheldorf, Calbe A.S. Germany, writes:

"It gives me great pleasure in testifying to the excellency of the Embrocation. I have used it amongst my assistants for Rheumatism and Bruises, and recommend it to all my friends."

RUNNING.

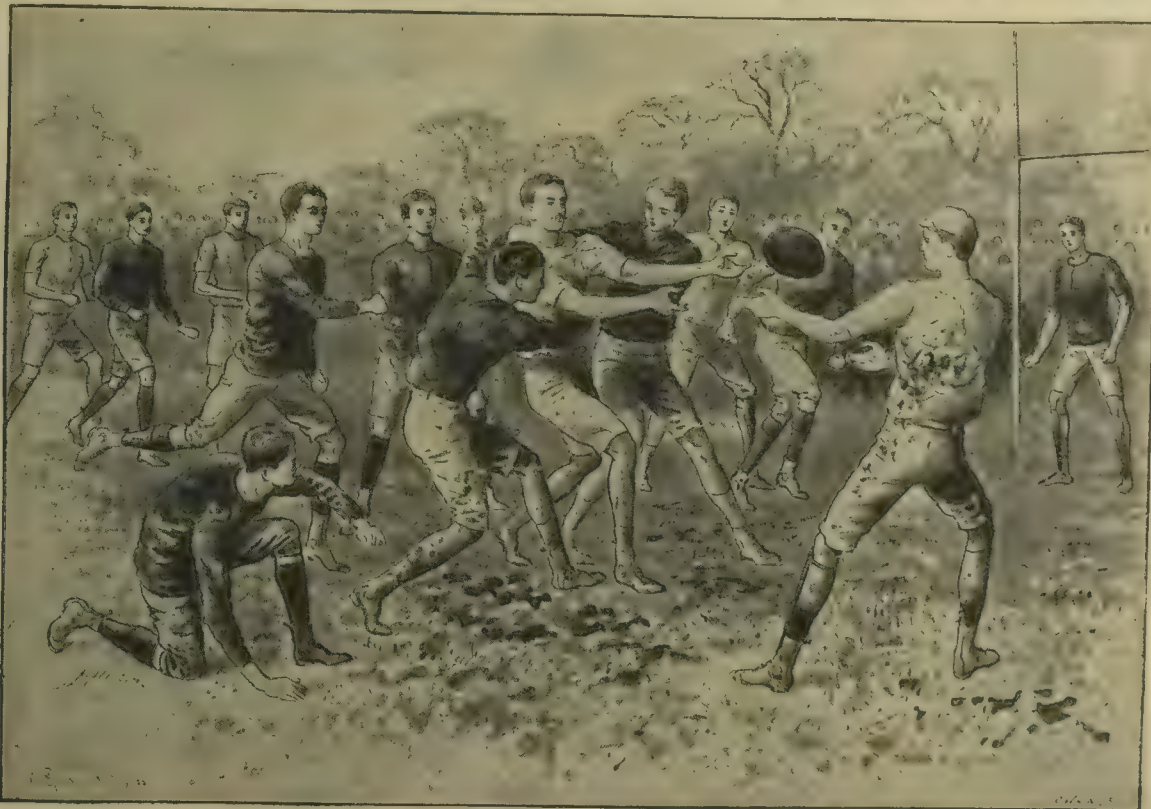
A Blackheath Harrier writes:

"June 22, 1883.  
"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

CHEST COLDS.

The Tufnell Park Hon. Secretary writes:

"I can testify to the excellence of your Embrocation, and its great popularity, not only for colds and sprains, but as a capital restorer of the system, after either a punishing race or a hard game of football."



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**ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION**  
AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING  
One Shilling and Three halfpence  
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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CROMARTIE.

Francis Leveson-Gower, Earl of Cromartie, died on Nov. 24, at Stafford House, St. James's. The late Earl, who was born Aug. 3, 1852, was second surviving son of the late George Granville William, third Duke of Sutherland, K.G., by Anna, his wife, only child of Mr. John Hay - Mackenzie, of Newhall and Cromartie.

Mr. Mackenzie was the only son of Mr. Edward Hay-Mackenzie (brother of the second Marquis of Tweeddale), by Maria, his wife, co-heiress of the Cromartie estates, and granddaughter of George, third Earl of Cromartie. The third Earl's estates and honours were forfeited to the Crown for his share in the rising of 1745, but his descendant, the late Duchess of Sutherland, received in 1861 a fresh patent of the Cromartie earldom, with remainder to her second son and the heirs male of his body. As the late Earl had but two daughters and no son,

the title again disappears from the peerage. He married Aug. 2, 1876, the Hon. Lillian Janet Macdonald, second daughter of the fourth Lord Macdonald, who survives him.

LORD EBURY.

Robert Grosvenor, Baron Ebury, P.C., died at his residence in Park Street, W., on Nov. 18. The deceased peer was born on April 24, 1801, and was appointed, in 1831, a member of the Privy Council in Great Britain, of which he became the *doyen*. He was third son of Robert, Marquis of Westminster, and uncle to the present Duke. Having been educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford—where he graduated in honours—he was elected M.P. for Shaftesbury in 1822, and remained a member of the Lower House from that date until his elevation to the Peerage as Baron Ebury of Ebury Manor, in the county of Middlesex, on Sept. 10, 1857. In November 1830 he was made Comptroller, and in 1846 Treasurer, of the Royal Household. His Lordship married, May 17, 1831, the Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, sister of

Henry, first Earl Cowley, K.G., G.C.B., and leaves issue an eldest son, Robert Wellesley, who succeeds to the barony. The present Lord Ebury was M.P. for Westminster from 1865 to 1874, and was formerly a captain in the 1st Life Guards, having been born in 1834. He married, 1867, the Hon. Emilie Beaujolais White, daughter of the first Lord Annaly, and has five children.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Henry West, Q.C., at his residence in Cadogan Place, on Nov. 25. He was Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster and Recorder of Manchester.

Mr. William Courtney, on Nov. 24, aged eighty-three. He was formerly Postmaster-General of Bombay, and collector and magistrate of Poonah, having retired from the Honourable East India Company's service in 1855.

Lady Lavinia Dutton, daughter of the late Thomas, fifth Earl of Macclesfield, and widow of the Hon. John Thomas Dutton, of Hinton House, Hants, on Nov. 24.

The Hon. Lucy Marian Hubbard, at the Manor House, Holywell, on Nov. 20. She was daughter of the late John Gellibrand Hubbard, first Lord Addington, and was a Sister of Mercy.

The Right Rev. Henry Hutton Parry, D.D., Bishop of Perth, Western Australia, on Nov. 16. He graduated at Oxford in 1851, and was consecrated in 1868 Bishop-coadjutor to his father, the Bishop of Barbados and the Windward Islands.

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S.W.

LIVERPOOL.  
25, CHURCH STREET.

LONDON CITY,  
THE OLD MANSION HOUSE,  
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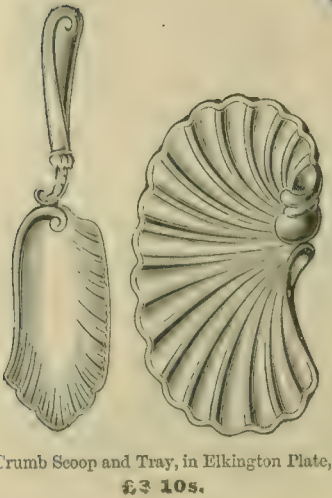
MANCHESTER.  
ST ANN'S SQUARE,



BY APPOINTMENT.

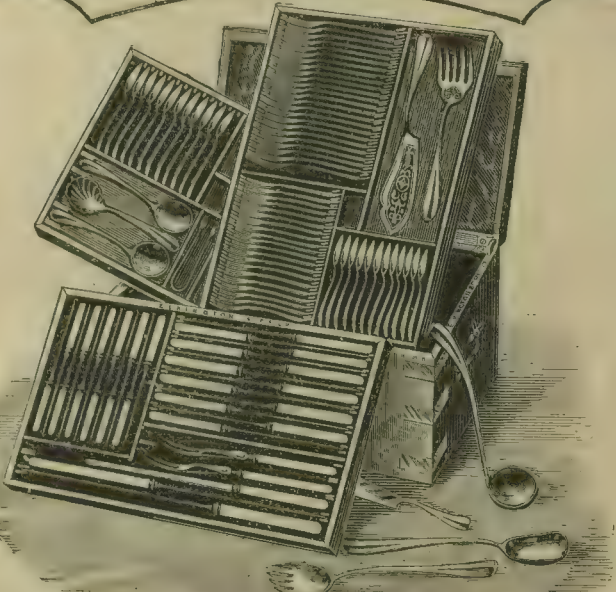
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With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send 2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 10s. 6d. Money willingly returned if not approved.

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AT  
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Arms and Inscriptions emblazoned to order.  
Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises by experienced Workmen.



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**A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH,** accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions. In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly emblazoned.  
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**THE SPORTING SAFETY PIN. IN 50 DIFFERENT VARIETIES.**

Gold, £1 1s. each. Mounted with Diamonds, £3 to £5.



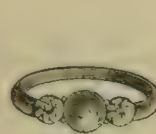
Fox, £1 1s.  
In Diamonds, £3 10s.

Horseman, £1 1s.  
In Diamonds, £4 10s.

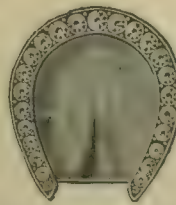
Pheasant, £1 1s.  
In Diamonds, £5.



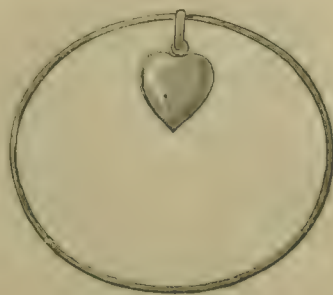
Chrysoprase Heart and Diamond Wing Brooch, £15 upwards.



Chrysoprase and Diamond Ring, £5 upwards.



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**THE LUCKY CHRYSOPRASE JEWELLERY, SET WITH GEMS, FOR CHRISTMAS AND OTHER PRESENTS.**



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1875), with a codicil (dated Nov. 1, 1880), of Mr. Christopher Baldock Cardew, formerly Captain 74th Highlanders, and late of East Hill, Liss, near Petersfield, Hants, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Nov. 17 by the Hon. Mrs. Eliza Jane Cardew, the widow, and Major Philip Cardew, R.E., and Arthur Cardew, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths all his household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, effects, horses, carriages, and £500 to his wife. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife during widowhood, and then for his children in equal shares. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his children.

The will (dated March 9, 1891) of Mr. Samuel Allen Daniell, late of Beecheroff, Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Worcestershire, machinist and tool-maker, who died on July 10, was proved on Nov. 17 by Howard Shakespeare Pearson, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor; £2000 to his brother Arthur Daniell; and £1000 to his nephew Charles Arthur Daniell. The residue of his estate he gives to his wife, Mrs. Emily Daniell, absolutely.

The will (dated June 2, 1891), with three codicils (one bearing date the same day as the will, and the other two Aug. 3, 1893), of Mrs. Grace Dampier, late of 43

(formerly 10), Campden House Road, Kensington, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 10 by John Hall and Tatham Swainson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix gives numerous and considerable legacies and annuities to her own and her late husband's relatives, and to servants and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her late husband's nephews and nieces, Cecil Dampier, Gerald Dampier, Margaret Dampier, Temple Robinson, Maude Archer Warner, Marion Robinson, and Gertrude Robinson, and her nephews and niece Herbert Lyndsay Calder, Leslie Calder, Grace Marguerite Calder, and Gustavus Calder, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 12, 1884) of Mrs. Nancy Downes, late of 81, Eaton Terrace, Pimlico, who died on Oct. 14 at Margate, was proved on Nov. 15 by William Hurlbutt, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 free of legacy duty to the British and Foreign Bible Society; and legacies to brothers, nephews, niece, and friends. The remainder of her estate she leaves to the children of William Gregory and O. H. Davis, and of her niece Ellen Maria Woodman, to be divided among them in equal portions.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1893), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11 following), of Mr. Walter David Jeremy, J.P., late of 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, and of 5, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, who died on

Sept. 18, was proved on Nov. 16 by Miss Lucy Evans and Daniel Thomas Tudor and Walter Jenkins Evans, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator, among other legacies, bequeaths a presentation silver salver and the copyright of his book, "The Presbyterian Board," and Dr. Williams's trust, to his said nephew Walter Jenkins Evans; and his portrait and the illuminated address lately presented to him, to the Carmarthen Presbyterian College. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Miss Lucy Evans, for life. At her death he gives £1000 to his brother, the Rev. Daniel Davies Jeremy; and £4000 to his nephew Daniel Thomas Tudor. One moiety of the ultimate residue is to go to his nephews the Rev. John Jeremy Thomas and Walter Jeremy Thomas; and the other moiety, subject to an annuity of £20 to his sister Hannah, to his sister Rachel Evans, for life, and then for her three daughters, Elizabeth, Jane, and Caroline.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1891), with a codicil (dated Oct. 3, 1892), of Mr. Ashley William Graham Allen, late of 33, Green Street, Park Lane, who died on July 1 at Lea Copse, Burgess Hill, Sussex, was proved on Nov. 14 by Walter Lumley and Francis Gordon Dill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £862. The testator bequeaths £250 each to his executors. He devises all his real estate upon trusts for sale, and the proceeds, with the residue of his personal estate, are to be held, upon



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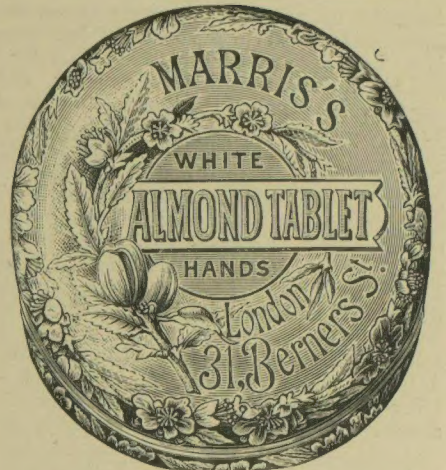
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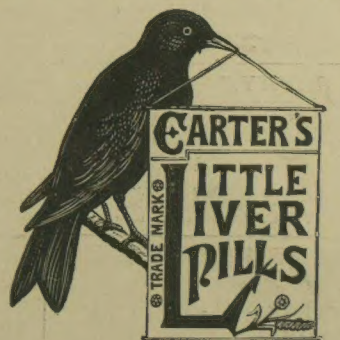
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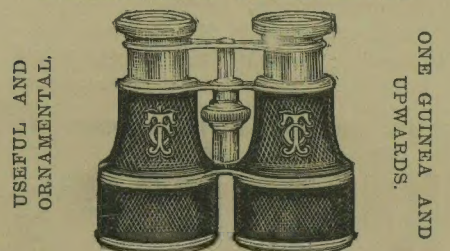
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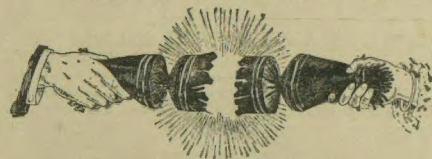
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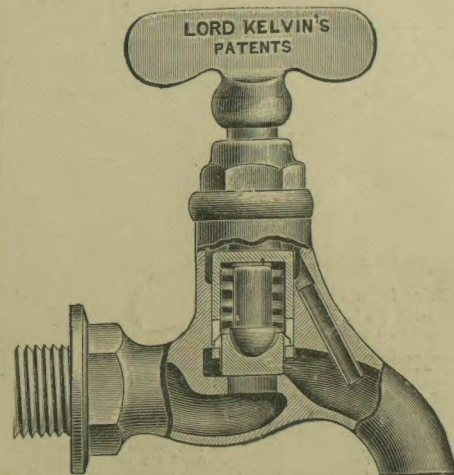
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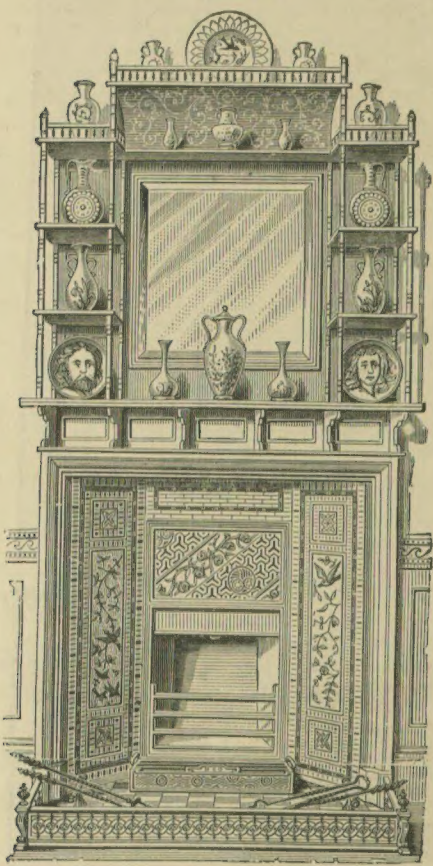


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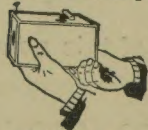
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